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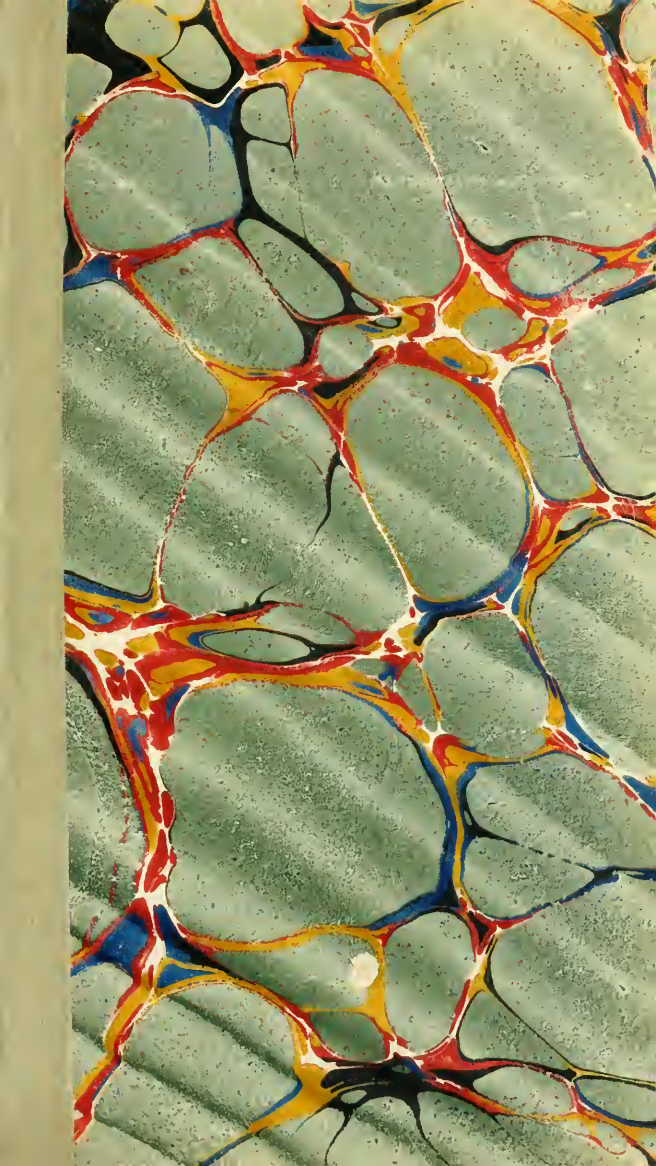

MEMOIRS OF THE ROSE.

MEMOIRS OF THE ROSE:

COMPRISING

BOTANICAL, POETICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS

Recollections

OF THAT CELEBRATED FLOWER.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO A LADY.

" If on creation's morn the King of Heaven
To shrubs and flowers a sovereign lord had given,
O, beauteous Rose, he had anointed thee,
Of shrubs and flowers, the sovereign lord to be.
The spotless emblem of unsullied truth;
The smile of beauty, and the glow of youth;
The garden's pride, the grace of vernal bowers,
The blush of meadows, and the eye of flowers."

Hymn of Sappho, by Boyd.

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PREFACE.

THE following Letters were originally written for the gratification and amusement of a beloved female friend, in whose happiness and pursuits the Writer then felt, and now feels, an affectionate interest. His fair correspondent being a person of modest and retired habits, whose taste and disposition led her to prefer the society of Flora in the field and the flower garden, before the solitude of dissipation in the giddy circles of fashionable life,—he was led to believe that the innocent gratification of a large portion of her sex similarly disposed, might be promoted by the publication of this selection: this hope was the writer's

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motive, and must be his apology, for the presentation of this little volume to the public. This, however, is certain;—whatever multiplies or diversifies the associations of intellect or feeling with which we regard the objects of creation, must, at the same time, heighten the enjoyment of rational and religious contemplation; and although these Letters are principally devoted to the celebration of one particular flower, yet the Writer is persuaded that every lover of the *Rose*, may derive from their perusal, new illustrations of the beauties of the garden in general; many of the incidents in the history of this flower being very interesting, and most of the poetical tributes exceedingly beautiful.

This merit is asserted with the utmost freedom and unreserve by the compiler, because praise is not claimed thereby for himself, but the authors from whose works he has quoted. For himself, he may adopt the sentiment of Montaigne: "I have gathered a nosegay of

flowers, in which there is nothing of my own, but the string that ties them." On the other hand, he by no means pretends to have collected all that is interesting, either as incident or illustration, in the history of this celebrated flower—it was neither within his ability nor his intention to do this: on the contrary, he believes there is hardly a reader, but will be able to add to the instances in these Letters, anecdotes or eulogies of the Rose.

To the intelligent portion of that amiable sex, to whom these pages are most particularly devoted, as well as to persons of taste in general, no apology can be necessary for presenting these memoirs of a flower, so generally and deservedly celebrated, and so universally esteemed. "Milton and Euripides," says the writer of *The Philosophy of Nature*, "delighted in the Rose;" Vitruvius acknowledged it to be one of the best ornaments of a Corinthian capital; lovers in ancient times were accustomed to swear by it; and such veneration

had the Persians for this exquisite flower, that it creeps into almost all their songs, fables, and odes."

It may, perhaps, not be improper to anticipate an exception which may possibly be taken to the familiar style of these Letters, by observing, that the writer is not unaware of its validity; but when he resolved to transcribe them for the press, the same motive which led him to perpetuate the auspices under which they had been written, induced him also to preserve their internal character entire. This pardonable weakness of affection and individual feeling, will not, the Writer is persuaded, render either less fragrant, or less acceptable, this bouquet of poetical Roses.

May, 1824.

MEMOIRS OF THE ROSE.

LETTER I.

"For THEE the Rose put sweeter purple on." *Fenton.*

My dear Anne,

In the long friendship which you and I have cherished towards each other, you have had many opportunities of discovering my partiality for that beautiful flower—The Rose: nor has it been without feelings of pleasure, that I have perceived the affection which you also have manifested for this favourite of the Muses. How often while rambling in the fields, or resting in the garden, have we amused ourselves with anecdotes and poetical quotations about this queen of flowers! While the vernal zephyrs seemed to sing to its folded buds:

"Rose! Rose! open thy leaves!
Spring is whispering love to thee.
Rose! Rose! open thy leaves!
Near is the nightingale on the tree."

I have often had thoughts of collecting my scattered reminiscences on this subject, to form a little olio of sweets, under the title of "*Rose Leaves*," and which might form a trio with Coleridge's "*Sybilline Leaves*," and Leigh Hunt's "*Foliage*." For the present, however, I have resolved to address my little collection to *you*, as my dearest friend; not doubting but that you will find them interesting, as, though neither brighter nor sweeter for coming from me, yet many of them have a beauty and a fragrance, which circumstances can neither enhance nor diminish. You may therefore expect to receive a letter from me at every convenient opportunity, until my memory and my memorandums are exhausted.

I have often recommended to you the science of botany, as an elegant and feminine recreation; indeed the study of flowers seems peculiarly to recommend itself to your sex, as adapted for woman, who is herself represented by our favourite poet, as

"A flower of meekness on a stem of grace."

"The student in botany," says Sir J. E. Smith, "has a rich source of innocent pleasure. He would find himself neither solitary nor desolate, had he no other companion than a 'mountain daisy,' that 'modest crimson-tipped flower,' so sweetly sung by one of nature's own poets. The humblest weed or moss will ever afford him something to examine

or illustrate, and a great deal to admire. Introduce him to the magnificence of a tropical forest, the enamelled meadows of the Alps, or the wonders of New Holland, and his thoughts will not dwell much upon riches and literary honours. Whether we scrutinize the damp recesses of woods in the wintry months, when the numerous tribes of *mosses* are displaying their minute but highly interesting structure; — whether we walk forth in the early spring, when the ruby tips of the hawthorn bush give the first sign of its approaching vegetation, or a little after when the violet welcomes us with its scent, and the primrose with its beauty;—we shall always find something to study and admire in their characters. The yellow blossoms of the morning that fold up their delicate leaves as the day advances, —others that court and sustain the full blaze of noon—and the pale night-scented tribes which expand and diffuse their sweet fragrance towards evening,—all have peculiar charms. The more we study the works of the Creator, the more wisdom, beauty, and harmony become manifest, even to our limited apprehensions; and while we admire, it is impossible not to adore."

These sentiments, my dear Anne, are interesting as coming from one of considerable eminence and authority on this subject, and I hope you will henceforth be induced to pay a little more attention to the cultivation of this beautiful science. I do not mean that you should puzzle yourself with the difficult

and abstruse department of botanical physiology—though your sex can boast of eminent names even here;—but I would advise you to obtain such a general knowledge of the principles of the system, as may enable you to distinguish one flower from another botanically. This will afford you endless gratification and delight, in those rural walks, of which I know you to be so fond, and in which I have so often accompanied you, gathering and speculating upon the flowers by the way-side; and though

> Ye botanists, I cannot talk like you,
> And give to every plant its name and rank,
> Taught by Linné; yet I perceive in all
> Or known or unknown, in the garden rais'd,
> Or nurtur'd in the hedgerow or the field,
> A secret something which delights my eye,
> And meliorates. And much I love
> To see the fair one bind the straggling pink,
> Cheer the *sweet Rose*, the lupin, and the stock,
> And lend a staff to the still gadding pea.

So sings our favourite Hurdis; and in such pursuits you will never be without company, nor indeed without conversation; flowers speak a separate language to the botanist, the poet, and the moralist; some there are who may disdain this elegant intercourse, and I once recollect mentioning it to a lady of some note for her writings, who observed that she should ever prefer "the human face divine,"

and the conversations of rational men, before the presence and the language of flowers under any circumstances; but she was one whose masculine understanding, and intrepid nerves, fitted her for the society of men. You, my dear Anne, are of a more delicate organization, and would no doubt find some portion of botanical knowledge very useful when you watch the progress of flowers, as I know is your custom, from the appearance of the first "coy recluse," which ventures to peep forth under the hedge, till the garden exhibits all its beauties,

> "Till riper months the perfect year disclose,
> And Flora cries exulting—See my Rose!"

Of all the flowers of the garden, none seems to be such an universal favourite, or to have been so much celebrated by the poets, as the Rose; not only among us, but in almost every country of the world, from the oriental gardens of Iran—the sun-nurst Persia—

> "The land of the myrtle, the Rose, and the vine,
> Where the fields ever bloom and the skies ever shine,"

to the desolate regions of northern Lapland, where blooming fields and shining skies are almost unknown, but

> "Where pure Niemis fairy mountains rise,
> And *fringed with Roses,* Tenglis rolls his stream."

Indeed, as the editor of "*Time's Telescope*" justly observes, "There is scarcely a single object in the whole vegetable world, in which so many agreeable qualities are combined as in the *Rose*. In this flower Nature certainly meant to regale the senses of her favourite with an object which presents to him at once freshness, fragrancy, colour, and shape." It is only necessary, my dear friend, to name this work, to recall to your mind the many delightful hours which we have annually enjoyed, in the perusal of its multifarious, but interesting contents, and especially from the respect with which it has uniformly noticed our favourite flower—seldom indeed without a poetical tribute: and however these were in general our old friends, we were glad to meet them among the summer beauties of these volumes: among the tributes which we had not previously seen, you will recollect, that we transcribed from Bernard Barton's poem on flowers, the following lines as *his* eulogy of the *Rose:*

"Fruitless and endless were the task, I ween,
With every flower to grace my votive lay;—
And unto Thee, their long acknowledg'd QUEEN,
Fairest and loveliest! And thy gentle sway,
Beautiful ROSE, my homage I must pay,—
For how can minstrel leave thy charms unsung,
Whose meek supremacy has been alway
Confess'd in many a clime, and many a tongue,
And in whose praise the harp of many a bard has rung?

Mine is unworthy such a lovely theme;—
Yet could I borrow of that tuneful bird,
Who sings thy praises by the moon's pale beam,
As Fancy's graceful legends have averr'd,
Those thrilling harmonies at midnight heard
With sounds of flowing waters,—not in vain
Should the loose strings of my rude harp be stirr'd
By inspiration's breath, but one brief strain
Should reassert thy rites, and celebrate thy reign."

Bernard Barton is a member of the Society of Friends, whose plainness and simplicity could hardly find a greater contrast than in the rich and beautiful Rose: for assuredly, of all the imaginary epithets, by which it has been or might be distinguished, nobody would think of calling it "*the Quaker flower.*" I was called upon the other day, by a pretty quaker, who praised and preferred *the snowdrop,* to give my reasons for loving the Rose, which I did in the following stanzas:

I love the Rose,—it is a noble flower,
In colour rich, and opulent of leaves,
And when her summer garland Flora weaves,
She sees no fairer beauty in her bower;
None which, so redolent of perfume, flings
A sweeter fragrance on the Zephyr's wings.

I love the Rose,—that simple, single one,
Which decks the hedges, delicately white;
Or blushing like a maiden's cheek so slight,
The eye looks anxious lest the tint be gone,
Ere it hath gaz'd enough, or ere the spray
Can from the parent tree be slipp'd away.

I love the Rose,—that monthly one, which blooms
  In cottage windows; which is tended there
  With maiden constancy by maiden care;
Which through all seasons decorates the rooms,
Like her, whose opening charms appear to be
A lovely blowing bud on beauty's tree.

I love the Rose,—nor least when I perceive
  The thistle's pride in Scotia's bonnet worn;
  The shamrock green on Erin's banner borne;
O then, imagination loves to weave
Of England's emblem-flowers, a garland, meet
To place on beauty's brow, or lay at valour's feet.

I love the Rose,—its presence to my eye
  Like beauty, youth, like hope and health appears,
  Recalling the gay dreams of early years;
And when I smell its fragrance wafted by,
I think of virtue, love, benevolence,
Which moral perfumes round life's paths dispense.

I love the Rose,—for bards have ever lov'd
  The queen of flowers, the flower of beauty's queen:
  When in the hedgerow or the garden seen,
Or pluck'd and proffer'd by some friend belov'd
To gentle Anne, to be by her caress'd,
Then braided with her hair, or worn upon her breast.

I love the Rose,—what time the smiling year
  Leads forth in summer glory, Flora's train;
  When orchard, garden, woodland, bower, and plain,
Dress'd in their richest garments all appear,
Then—then I love the humblest flower that blows,
But chief of all the tribe—I love the Rose.

This, my dear Anne, is a rambling letter, and you must consider it as a specimen of what are to follow; for I have no intention of affecting the arrangements of a sermon or the formality of an essay in my communications to you, and I know in these annals of the Rose, *you* will pardon all the defects in the style of

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

" Child of the Summer, charming Rose,
No longer in confinement lie;
Arise to light; thy form disclose;
Rival the spangles of the sky.

The rains are gone; the storms are o'er;
Winter retires to make thee way:
Come then thou sweetly blushing flower;
Come, lovely stranger, come away." *Casimir.*

My dear Anne,

As biographers in general think it right, to set down something concerning the name and genealogy of the family of the person whose life they write,—so I shall, in this letter, proceed to give you some of the botanical characteristics, as well as other incidental particulars of the flower, which is the subject of these memoirs; and I doubt not, but that you will derive new pleasure in your future contemplations of the Rose, from a slight acquaintance with this department of its history, and the illustration and explanation of its technical terms. You are aware, my dear Anne, that the celebrated

Linnæus, a Swede by birth, and whose system is now almost universally adopted by botanists, has divided the whole vegetable creation into twenty-four *classes*, which are distinguished by the number of stamens in the flower: these classes are again sub-divided into *orders* under each class, determined by the number of pistils in each flower; these are still further divided into *genera* or tribes, and the tribes into *species* or individuals. In this arrangement, the *Rose* belongs to the *icosandria* class, which is the twelfth, including a great variety of fruit trees, as the apple, pear, cherry, plum, nectarine, &c., the blossoms of which have twenty, or more stamens; these stamens in the Rose, constitute that beautiful array in the middle of the flower, which looks somewhat like yellow flos silk. Drayton, in his "Muse's Elysium," has fancifully alluded to these filaments, as a part of the head-dress of his nymph Tita:—

> "But for a dressing for her head
> I think for her I have a tyre,
> That all the fairies shall admire;
> *The yellows in the full-blown Rose*,
> Which in the top it doth enclose,
> Like drops of gold ore shall be hung
> Upon her tresses."

In this class, the Rose is a genus of the order polygynia, in which the pistils—those little pointers in the middle of the blossom, are more than twelve,

and placed in the same flower with the stamens. The leaves which compose the *corolla*, or the flower, are denominated *petals*, of which there are five in the wild Rose, which is considered the representative of the genus. The *calyx* or flower-cup, which is usually a green empalement protecting and enclosing the blossom, is in the Rose—urceolated or pitcher-shaped, quinquefid, carneous or fleshy, and straitened at the neck.

In the common rose-bud, there is a singular arrangement of the armature or beards of the calyx which you may not have noticed, and which is thus stated in an admired scrap of monkish Latin:

> " Quinque sunt fratres,
> Sub eodem tempore nati;
> Duo barbati;
> Ultimus è quinque;
> Non est barbatus utrinque."

These leonine verses, with an English version which follows, I extract from the Monthly Magazine for April 1822; to which work they were sent by our favourite poet—you can guess whom. The translator observes, that " the common hedge rose has a calyx, which encloses the bud, consisting of five leaves, long, lanceolate—narrow, two simple, two pinnate, (*barbati*) and a fifth pinnate only on one side (*non barbatus utrinque.*) The three leaves, then, described in the above lines, are the two which are pinnate, or bearded, and the one which

is pinnate on one side only, or ‘ *not* bearded on *both* sides,’ as the verse rather ambiguously expresses it; consequently the two leaves omitted in the description must be the two that are ‘ simple,’ or without any beard at all. He then gives the following ingenious translation :

> “ Five brethren there are
> Born at once of their mother;
> Two bearded, two bare,
> The fifth neither one nor the other,
> But to each of his brethren *half* brother.”

You will find it interesting to notice this singularity, which the translator tells me he never found to vary in any specimen which he had examined, and which is corròborated by my own observations on many hundreds of rose-buds.

The seeds are numerous, hispid or prickly, and affixed to the inside of the calyx. Although it is very difficult to distinguish the species of the Rose from the varieties, owing to many accidental differences, yet, according to the present Linnæan arrangement, they stand divided into fourteen species, as follows:—1. *Rosa Alba*, the common white Rose. —2. *Rosa Alpina*, the Alpine inermous, or unarmed Rose.—3. *Rosa Canina*, the canine, or wild dog-rose.—4. *Rosa Carolinensis*, or Carolina and Virginia Rose.—5. *Rosa Centifolia*, or hundred-leaved Rose.—6. *Rosa Cinnamonea*, or cinnamon Rose.—

7. *Rosa Eglanteria*, the eglantine Rose, or sweet-brier.—8. *Rosa Gallica*, the Gallican Rose.—9. *Rosa Moschata*, the musk Rose.—10. *Rosa Pimpinellifolia*, or burnet-leaved Rose.—11. *Rosa Sempervirens*, the evergreen musk Rose.—12. *Rosa Spinosissima*, or most spinous, dwarf burnet-leaved Rose.—13. *Rosa Villosa*, or villose apple-bearing Rose.—14. *Rosa Virginiensis*, virgin Rose.—These species, and some of the varieties which they comprehend, I shall notice more particularly in subsequent letters.

Besides the above artificial arrangement, there is another, also devised by Linnæus for the greater perfection of his system, and denominated *the natural method*, divided into fifty-eight classes or orders; in this division, the Rose ranks under the thirty-fifth or *senticosæ*, so called from *sentis*, a thorn, and comprehending the bramble, the brier, and others which resemble them in external structure. This, my dear Anne, is an humiliating classification for our peerless flower; and when we recollect, that thorns and briers were denounced to grow upon the earth, in consequence of the Fall, a dilemma seems to present itself, as to whether the Rose was one of the flowers of Paradise; and if so, whether the thorns with which it is beset, have invested it, in consequence of the curse which accompanied the guilt of our first parents. Milton seems to have been aware of this inference; for in his immortal poem, where the keeping is in admirable consistency

with truth and nature, he states in one of his glowing descriptions of Paradise, where

> ———"The flowery lap
> Of some irriguous valley spread her store,"

that *there* grew

> "Flowers of all hue, and *without thorn the Rose.*"

Although the propagation and culture of the Rose, are subjects which belong rather to the horticulturist and the florist, than to the botanist or the poet, still a few remarks on these subjects, as well as the uses and properties of the flower generally, will neither be improper nor uninteresting.

The usual method of propagating the Rose, is either by suckers detached from the root of the parent tree, or by cuttings or slips. The former are generally to be obtained in sufficient plenty from the common garden Roses; but the moss provence, and others which seldom send up these suckers, must be increased by cuttings or layers; in the latter method, the branches being bent down, are fastened with a peg into the earth, and covered with soil, until they have struck root, which, with those layed in May or June, will be about Michaelmas. Slips of the monthly kinds, will take root with great readiness, either in phials of water, or in common earth. The more curious sorts of

Roses, however, are generally produced and multiplied by inoculation, which is, as Cowper exactly observes, in a beautiful simile, a

——" bud inserted in the rind,
The bud of peach or Rose, &c."

The usual process by this method is, first to make a transverse incision in the branch, and then, another from it downward resembling a T; the rind is then opened, at the junction of the lines, and the bud inserted; the whole is then tied close, with a string of matting: this is usually practised in Spring, when the sap is rising freely.

——" You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentle scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race; this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature." *Shakspeare.*

The cultivation of Roses, although generally confined to ornamental gardening, is nevertheless in some instances pursued as a source of profit; and the leaves are not only purchased by the apothecaries in general throughout the country, but in the neigbourhood of London, there are large gardens devoted to their culture for the purposes of distillation, &c. In all posies, however, they constitute the beauty and the pride, and often fetch a good

price in the metropolis. As I know, my dear Anne, you like a garland, I shall conclude this letter, with the process of making one, from Drayton: it will serve also as a specimen of his poetry.

" Here damask Roses, white and red,
Out of my lap first take I,
Which still shall run along the thread,
My chiefest flower this make I;
Amongst these Roses in a row,
Next place I pinks in plenty,
These double daisies then for show,
And will not this be dainty?
The pretty posy then I'll tye
Like stones some chain enchasing;
And next to them, their near ally,
The purple violet placing.
The curious, choice clove July-flower,
Whose kinds hight the carnation,
For sweetness of most sovereign power,
Shall help my wreath to fashion.
Whose sundry colours, of one kind,
First from one root derived,
Them in their several suits I'll bind,
My garland so contrived.
A course of cowslips then I'll stick,
And here and there (tho' sparely)
The pleasant primrose down I'll prick,
Like pearls, which will show rarely:
Then with these marygolds I'll make
My garland somewhat swelling,
These honeysuckles then I'll take,
Whose sweets shall help their smelling.

The lily and the flower-de-lis
For colour much contenting,
For that I them do only prize
They are but poor in scenting.
The daffodil most dainty is
To match with these in meetness;
The columbine compar'd to this,
All much alike for sweetness;
These in their natures only are
Fit to emboss the border;
Therefore I'll take especial care
To place them in their order:
Sweet-williams, compions, sops in wine,
One by another neatly;
Thus have I made this wreath of mine
And finished it featly.

Muse's Elysium, 5th Nymphal.

I remain, yours, &c.

LETTER III.

"No flow'r that blows
Is like this Rose,
Or scatters such perfume:
Upon my breast
Ah! gently rest,
And ever, ever bloom." *Garrick.*

My dear Anne,

The Rose most plentifully cultivated in our gardens, most generally celebrated by the poets, and most particularly selected for distillation, &c. is *Rosa centifolia*, or hundred-leaved Rose, so called from the multitude of its petals. It grows from three or four to eight feet high, having pinnated three and five-lobed leaves, and the flowers of very different shades of colour in the varieties; amongst which are common red provence Rose, and pale provence rose; both of them having large and somewhat looseish petals. Cabbage provence Rose; having the petals closely folded over one another like cabbages. Dutch cabbage Rose; very large, and childing provence Rose. To these may be

added, the great royal Rose, growing six or eight feet high, and producing very fine flowers: all these are very elegant and ornamental Roses.

These are all deciduous, and generally summer-flowering. "Roses in June," is proverbially spoken of pleasant things in season: and although in open seasons, and favourable situations, they sometimes bloom earlier, yet Thomson has been charged with an anchronism, where, in his invocation to Spring, he invites the "ethereal mildness," to descend

——"Veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing Roses."—

In this, however, he has countenance of other poets. Spenser, in his "Shepherd's Calender," in the "Merry Month of May," represents as being *ycladde*

——"the ground with grasse, the woods
With greene leaves, the bushes with blooeming buds,
Youngthes folk now flocken in every where
To gather May-busket and smelling brere;
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the kirk-pillours eare day-light,
With hawthorne buds, and sweet eglantine,
And *girlonds of Roses*, and soppes in wine."

Even in April, he makes Hobbinole say of Eliza, that he would have

"Upon her head a cremosin coronet,
With *damask Roses* and daffodillies set."

And old Peacham, the painter, in the description which he gives of May, as it should be represented, says that the figure should have "upon his head, a garland of white, damask, and red roses."

The demand for Roses in the metropolis, and the high prices which they will sometimes fetch, especially when out of season, renders their artificial cultivation worth the attention of the gardener. Lord Byron says, that he should as soon

"Seek Roses in December, ice in June,"

as expect merit from a certain literary quarter: ice, however, as well as Roses, may be found in the above months, in some conservatories. On the garden bush and the hedgerows, he might, indeed, look in vain for the Rose; but in the cottage window, or the hot-house, it may be found blooming; and in the latter situation very fine Roses have been blown at Christmas. These, however, have generally an exceedingly delicate, and almost preternatural appearance, occasioned by the absence of the sun and the dew; they are, however, always free from insects, and are generally turned to good account by the growers; as much as five shillings having been given for one, to ornament the bosom of some expensive belle on a dress occasion.

The production of Roses at an unusual season of the year, seems to have engaged the attention of the two most eminent English philosophers, Lord

Bacon, and Sir Robert Boyle; the latter, in Vol. I. p. 107, of Peter Shaw's abridgement of his works, says, "It is delivered by the Lord *Verulam*, and other naturalists, that if a rose-bush be carefully cut as soon as it has done bearing in the summer, it will again bear Roses in the autumn. Of this many have made unsuccessful trials, and thereupon report the affirmation to be false; yet, I am very apt to think, that my Lord was encouraged by experience, to write as he did. For, having been particularly solicitous about the experiment, I find by the relation, both of my own, and other experienced gardeners, that this way of procuring autumnal Roses, will, in most Rose-bushes commonly fail, but succeed in some that are good bearers; and, accordingly, having this summer made trial of it, I find that a row of bushes cut in *June*, by far the greater number promise no autumnal roses; but one that hath manifested itself to be of a vigorous and prolific nature, is, at this present, indifferently well stored with those of the damask kind. There may, also, be a mistake in the species of Roses; for experienced gardeners inform me, that the musk-rose, will, if it be a lusty plant, bear flowers in autumn without cutting; and, therefore, that may unjustly be ascribed to art, which is the bare production of nature."

This eminent philosopher likewise notices the fact, that a *red Rose* becomes *white*, on being exposed to the fumes of sulphur. This experiment and its

result, had, however, been observed before the publication of Boyle's works. Drummond thus alludes to it:

> " Look now in May the Rose,
> At sulphur's azure fumes,
> In a short space her crimson blush doth lose,
> And, all amaz'd, a pallid white assumes.
> So time our best consumes,
> Makes youth and beauty pass,
> And what was pride turns horror in our glass."

The practice of obtaining an extract from the petals of the red rose, by infusion, compression, or distillation, is of ancient standing, as well for its medicinal, as its cosmetic uses. Anacreon says,

> " When pain afflicts, or sickness grieves,
> Its juice the drooping heart relieves."

Hasselquist, who travelled in the East, tells us, that the rose-water of Egypt is not drawn from the red, but the white Rose, or the slight blush, and which possesses a surprising fragrance. It grows very plentifully in the province of Fayhum, bearing flowers of the size of a man's fist; so considerable is the demand for rose-water in this country, that he says he knew one apothecary at Cairo, who bought annually a quantity equal to about *one hundred and eighty gallons!*

The Orientals in their visits, are often greeted

with odours; it is usual for a slave to present before each guest, a silver laver containing rose-water, with which the latter perfumes his head and beard; a similar custom was also practised in ancient Greece. Shakspeare, too, in his play of "Taming the Shrew," the scene of which he lays in Padua, makes a lord say,

> "What is it your honour will command?
> Let one attend him with a silver bason,
> Full of *rose-water*, and bestrew'd with flowers."

Milk of Roses, is at least as old as the days of the Spectator, when cosmetics were much used; and a distillation, the *rose-water* of the apothecaries, is a regular vehicle in prescriptions of every physician.

There is, however, another article of perfumery, much more precious and costly than any of the preceding, which is also obtained from this fragrant flower: you will guess that I here refer to the celebrated *Otto* or *Ottar of Roses*, originally brought from the East—perhaps Persia, where it is called *Attar-gul*. Homer mentions the beard of Jupiter as diffusing odours when he nods; Milton has transferred the notion to Raphael, whose presence is indicated by the ambrosial scent of his wings; and Virgil refers to the fragrance of Venus as indicating her origin. Perhaps some of our modern belles may think they imitate her in their odours; there

is no affectation of the *beau-monde*, so offensive to me, as this of scent; and I know you are so much of my opinion on this subject, that you will approve of the following sentiment which I have somewhere seen: "A *rose* in the girdle may shed a delightful perfume over the bosom, but jessamine water in the hair—

——And *Otto* on the lace,
My dearest Anne, are mottoes of disgrace."

As some of your friends may nevertheless admire this expensive perfume, you may communicate to them the following receipt for making it: "Take a very large glazed earthen or stone jar, or a large clean wooden cask; fill it with the leaves of the flowers of roses, very well picked, and freed from all seeds and stalks; pour on them as much pure spring water as will cover them, and set the vessel in the sun, in the morning at sunrise, and let it stand till the evening, then take it into the house for the night; expose it in this manner, for six or seven successive days, and at the end of the third or fourth day, a number of particles, of a fine yellow oily matter, will float on the surface, which in two or three days more, will gather into a scum, which is the ottar of roses. This is taken up by some cotton, tied to the end of a piece of stick, and squeezed with the finger and thumb into a small phial, which must be immediately well stopped; and this is repeated for some successive evenings,

or while any of this fine essential oil rises to the surface of the water." It is said that an hundred pounds weight of roses will not yield above half an ounce of this precious aroma.

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

" Yes, ev'ry flower that blows
I pass'd unheeded by,
Till this enchanting Rose
Had fix'd my wand'ring eye.
It scented every breeze
That wanton'd o'er the stream,
Or trembled through the trees
To meet the morning beam." *Cunningham.*

My Dear Anne,

The Moss-Rose, or, as it used more generally to be called, the Moss-Provence, was supposed by Linnæus to be only a variety of the *Rosa Centifolia.* Miller, however, a writer of credit and celebrity, considers it as a distinct species; but as the original country of this Rose is not known, and we are only acquainted with the flower as brought under cultivation, the question may probably remain undecided. It is, however, a very elegant flower, and sometimes grows four or five feet high, erect and branchy; the branches and stalks are brownish, and very closely beset with sharp prickles: it is a

fine delicate Rose, of great fragrance. But that which renders it of such great estimation, is, as you are aware, that singular and rough moss-like substance, which surrounds the calyx, and the upper part of the peduncle or footstalk of the flower. This curious investment has suggested to a German poet one of the happiest little fictions imaginable, in which he accounts for its production.

"The Angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay,
That spirit—to whose charge is given,
To bathe young buds in dews from heaven:
Awaking from his light repose,
The Angel whisper'd to the Rose:
'O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st giv'n to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee.'
'Then,' said the Rose, with deepen'd glow,
'On me another grace bestow.'
The Spirit paus'd in silent thought,
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose
A veil of moss the Spirit throws,
And rob'd in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that Rose exceed?"

Next after the Moss-Rose, I may mention the Eglantine; this, although a species of rose, is not esteemed for its flowers; but the peculiar fragrance of its leaves renders it a very valuable shrub. This

sweet " smelling brere," grows indigenously in some parts of England and Switzerland. " It claims culture in every garden, for the odoriferous property of its leaves ; and should be planted in the borders, and other compartments contiguous to walks, or near the habitation, where the plants will impart their refreshing fragrance very profusely all around; and the young branches are excellent for improving the odour of nosegays and bowpots." There is a very pretty variety of *Rosa Provincialis,* called the *Pompone* Rose—or *Rose de Meaux,* from a town of that name, in France, from which the Rose may have been brought: this sort seldom grows above a foot and a half high, and the flowers are very small, resembling a bachelor's button. America has some varieties of the Rose, generally designated from the places of their culture, as the Carolina, Virginian, and Pennsylvanian sorts; none of these, however, differ materially from the roses in our own country. This last paragraph reminds me of an adventure which befel a New-Englandman, who visited this country for the purpose of being able to ridicule its claims to preeminence, in a work published at New York. " The road," (from Worcester to Hereford) says he, " was one of the roughest I had yet travelled, but the country on either side abounded in fruit-trees and flowers. The man who drove my vehicle assured me I might gather a Rose without being transported to Botany Bay, that paradise of English rogues. I ventured to pluck a

beautiful one over the fence, and would you believe it, brother, was neither shot by a spring-gun, caught in a man-trap, nor prosecuted afterwards for trespass! This I record as the first miracle which has happened to me in this country. I confess, however, a stout, square, rough-faced damsel did start out upon me, and bawl out something, which luckily I did not understand."

America, as I said, has its Roses; and Virginia and Carolina have their appropriate varieties: in the latter country is to be found, I am informed, a small double wild Rose, which is thus associated in my recollection: Our friend C. while resident a few years ago at Charleston, walking out into the vicinity of the town at Christmas, was surprised to find Roses in full blow on the bushes. The sight of his national flower, so unexpectedly encountered, forcibly reminded him of home; and Montgomery's lines on plucking a wild Rose in October, rushed into his mind, and he repeated them on the spot with all the enthusiasm of one who knew and loved the bard: apostrophising in the following lines, (originally the conclusion of the above poem,) one of the finest flowers, as he plucked it from the bush:

"And thou, poor Rose!————
————I'll place thee near my soul;
Not in my heart indeed,—but in my button-hole!"

With the Rose in his bosom he walked through

the town, regardless of the gibes of those who might construe into an imputation of rusticity, this indication of the character of an Englishman. On reaching his lodgings, he sat down, and wrote home to his *cher amie* a letter full of affection; and in the corner of which he fastened one of the leaves of the above Rose. This love-letter, with the rose-leaf attached, is now lying before me; I must not tell how I came by it—but it will be no breach of confidence to give *you* an extract:—"At this hybernal season of the year, you are doubtless labouring under the usual inclemencies of frost and snow, two things almost unknown in this part of the world. Nothing, perhaps, will convey to you a more correct and striking idea of the mildness of this climate, than to inform you, that at this moment I have in the button-hole of my coat, a beautiful *wild Rose*, which I plucked from a tree whilst taking a walk this afternoon. It is just such an one as blossomed on the tree which I gave to you: I need not say, how much more interesting such a walk would have been, could I have had the happiness of planting the Rose in your bosom, and have seen it blossom there." He returned in safety to England, and honourably discharged, by marrying the lady, that debt of love, which her fidelity and affection through years of absence had accumulated upon him. You and I, who together were guests at their bridal, can, I am sure, unite in saying—may the roses

of happiness strew all their paths through future life!

With a notice of one other Rose, I shall conclude this letter,—I mean that beautiful and *domesticated* variety, so universally prevalent as a stand or window flower, and in praise of which, as an ornamental house shrub, it would be almost impossible to speak too highly. Its naturalization in this country is comparatively of recent date, probably within about fifty years. The following notice of this charming flower, is from the Botanical Magazine, where it is very accurately represented under the name of *Rosa Semper Florens*, the ever-blooming Rose. "We are induced to consider the Rose here represented, as one of the most desirable plants in point of ornament ever introduced to this country; its flowers, large in proportion to the plant, are semidouble, and with great richness of colour unite a most delightful fragrance; they blossom during the whole of the year, more sparingly indeed in the winter months; the shrub itself is more hardy than most greenhouse plants, and will grow in so small a compass of earth, that it may be reared almost in a coffee-cup; is kept with the least possible trouble, and propagated without difficulty by cuttings or suckers.

"For this invaluable acquisition, our country is indebted to the late Gilbert Slater, Esq. of Knotsgreen, near Laytonstone, whose untimely death every person must deplore, who is a friend to im-

provements in ornamental gardening. In procuring the rarer plants from abroad, more particularly from the East Indies, Mr. Slater was indefatigable, nor was he less anxious to have them in the greatest perfection this country will admit; to gain this point, there was no contrivance that ingenuity could suggest, no labour, no expense withheld; such exertions must soon have insured him the first collection of the plants of India. It is now about three years since he obtained this Rose from China; as he readily imparted his most valuable acquisitions to those who were likely to increase them, this plant soon become conspicuous in the collections of the principal nurserymen near town, and in the course of a few years will, no doubt, decorate the window of every amateur.

"The largest plants we have seen have not exceeded three feet; it may no doubt be trained to a much greater height; a variety of it much more robust, having usually several flowers on a footstalk, of a pale red colour, and semidouble also, has more lately been introduced, and, as far as we can learn, from the same source." With the confident hope that this interesting notice of the introduction into this country of this beautiful Rose, will give you pleasure,

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER V.

"See! in the morning blooms the Rose!
But soon her transient glories close:
She opens with the rising day,
And with the setting, fades away."
Duncombe's Ausonius.

My dear Anne,

Rosa Alba, the common *white Rose*, so very nearly resembles the other common varieties in its general character, that it is unnecessary to state the slight differences; this is the flower, which, as you are aware, distinguished the partisans of the House of York, in that long civil dissension about the crown of England, previously to the reign of Richard III. Richard Plantagenet, in Shakspeare's play of Henry VI. only utters the feelings of his faction when he says,

——"I cannot rest,
Until the *white Rose*, that I wear, be dy'd
Even in the luke-warm blood of Henry's heart.

What effect the triumph of the Lancastrian interest might have in disparaging the culture of the Rose of the rival party, I do not know; but certainly this Rose is not so generally esteemed as the other varieties. It is, however, a sweet and beautiful flower, and little circumstances sometimes endear to us, by associations of feeling, objects which indifferently seen, might pass unremembered, at least unrecorded. Some years ago, when in a delicate state of health, and labouring under an indisposition, which subjected me to a great depression of spirits, I happened, while walking about my garden, to cast my eyes upon a white rose-tree: the delicate appearance of the flowers, and my own nervous susceptibility, united to produce some very pensive feelings, which I recorded in the following verses. You must have seen them before, because the copy before me is in your hand-writing; but a pardonable weakness induces me to transcribe them in this place.

THE WHITE ROSE.

Written during a season of indisposition, June, 29th, 1818.

Ah! lovely Rose, I've pass'd thee by
With gay indifference erewhile;
Nor dream'd the flower should make me sigh,
Which ne'er receiv'd my smile.

Thy damask sister's blooms by stealth,
Oft from the branch I lov'd to break;
They seem'd the emblems of my health,
The colours of my cheek.

Ah! blushing tints, to me less dear—
To me less fragrant than before;
They whisper but of hopes that were—
That seem to be no more!

Awhile with weakness left to cope,
That strength,—those roses fled;
The lilies of deserted hope
Are blanching in their stead.

Fair flower of loveliest white! at length,
Though left unpluck'd, I call thee mine;
Faint is thy fragrance, as my strength:
My cheek as pale as thine.

When sickness to the heart assigns
Its own, its drooping thoughts to cheer;
Then sensibility entwines
Its emblems every where.

If chance we meet a friend,—or flower,—
Or hear a sound from lips we prize;
These hallow like a charm, some hour
Of past,—of hop'd-for joys.

And shall thy leaves, thy bloom and spray,
Be scatter'd by the summer's breath?
My days as fugitive as they,
Are pluck'd by time and death.

Another summer shall restore
  Leaves, roses, beauty to this tree;
Shall I behold one summer more?
  It may—it may not be!

Spirit of health! if thou art fled,
  O breathe, and tell me where!
Dost thou the vale or mountain tread?
  Or dost thou wander near!

Spirit of health! thou art not gone;
  I feel thee hovering round my heart;
Faint as the flower I gaze upon,—
  Thou wilt not yet depart.

A fading leaf of texture frail,
  Although I quiver in the blast;
The autumn's breeze—the winter's gale,
  By me have kindly past.

Secure, till his Almighty breath,
  Who made the creature for his love,
Dissolves the body, and at death
  Receives the soul above.

I shall, my dear Anne, take up the remainder of this letter, with brief notices of several varieties of the Rose, not yet in common cultivation. Amongst the curiosities which Lord Macartney brought into this country from China, on his return from his embassy to that country, was an elegant species of

Rose; it is single, and the petals are white, with a slight blushing tinge, which is deeper on the under side. The leaves are evergreen, and the flowers fragrant; this native of the Celestial Empire, is called, in compliment to the ambassador, *Macartney's Rose.*

There is likewise another elegant variety from the above country, and which, with us, requires to be kept in a stove. It is of a rich crimson colour, and has varieties of single and double flowers, the interior structure of which is very beautiful and curious, the stamens and pistils at the upper extremity of a long filament issuing from the middle of the flower. *Rumphius*, in his *Herborium Amboinense*, has particularly described it. The inhabitants of India, he observes, are extremely partial to whatever is red; they consider it as a colour which tends to exhilarate; and hence they not only cultivate this plant universally in their gardens, but use its flowers on all occasions of festivity, and even in their sepulchral rites: he mentions also an economical purpose to which the flowers are applied, little consistent with their elegance and beauty—that of blacking shoes, whence their name of *Rosæ calceolariæ.* The shoes, after the colour is imparted to them, are rubbed with the hand, to give them a gloss, and which thereby receives a bluish tinge, to discharge which they have recourse to lemon juice. This flower is very elegantly figured in the Botanical Magazine, published by Curtis, in 1792, from which

work the above, and several other particulars in these letters, are derived.

There is another variety, called by Millar, and other botanists, *Rosa Lutea*—the yellow Rose; this is a single flower, and has been suspected to be only a variety of the *Rosa Sulphurea*, so denominated from its colour; this is brought from the Levant, and has a double flower; it is sometimes called the Levant, and the former the Austrian Rose. I have seen this Rose, but did not smell of it; therefore I cannot settle the different opinions respecting its odour; some say it has no smell; others that it has very little; and there are those who maintain that its smell is very unpleasant; hence one author has most offensively called this variety of our favourite flower, *Rosa Fœtida*, or stinking Rose.

The impression which the last-mentioned characteristic of the Austrian Rose is calculated to make upon your mind, will be most effectually counteracted, by the following florid version of one of the odes of the Teian bard:

"While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent Rose! to thee we'll sing—
Resplendent Rose, the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose virgin blush of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's blooming season glows,
The Graces love to twine the Rose;

The Rose is warm Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss;
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The Rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid floweret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away,
The tear that on its blushes lay;
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems
Yet drooping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in ev'ry eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
Oh! there is nought in nature bright
Where Roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
The nymphs display the Rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
Through Cytherea's form its glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The Rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay.
And when, at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,

Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death."

Moore's Anacreon.

There is one species of our favourite flower—*Rosa Sempervirens*, which, as its name imports, does not shed its leaves like the rest; this is *the evergreen musk Rose;* the favourite of our elder poets. It has a stalk and branches somewhat trailing, and requiring support, and bearing *clusters* of pure white musk-scented flowers, which continue to blow from August till October. There is one variety—the deciduous musk Rose. I may just mention here, the Alpine Rose, called *inermous*, from a peculiarity in this species, of being free from all armature, and hence denominated also *Virgin Rose*. This epithet, my dear Anne, will recall to your memory the concluding verse of one of Charles Wesley's beautiful hymns.

"Thus blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the *Virgin Rose*."

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

"Yes, lovely flower, I find in thee
Wild sweetness which no words express,
And charms in thy simplicity,
That dwell not in the pride of dress." *Langhorne.*

My dear Anne,

The diversities of the *Rose* are so numerous, that botanists have found it very difficult to determine with accuracy, which are species, and which only varieties; — or whether, indeed, there be properly more than one species, which is the *Rosa Canina*, or *dog-rose* of our hedges. To this sentiment, many eminent writers have inclined; and this also was the opinion of Linnæus, who attributed the different varieties to culture and accident. Whatever may be the fact respecting the claims of the *hip-tree*, to be considered as the ancestor of "Royal Roses," upon which it appears very difficult to decide,—certainly the flower itself possesses an elegant simplicity, and a delicate fragrance, not surpassed by any flower on the hedge: moreover, the

wild Rose is no less common than beautiful, being found growing plentifully in all parts of the kingdom, as well as in other parts of the world, especially in the delightful climate of Rhodes.

It is in allusion to this flower, and with reference to the peak of Derbyshire, where the author of "Prose by a Poet," says, in his "Old English Year," that "the hedgerows were gorgeously arrayed with Roses." Indeed it is not possible to ramble along some of the rural and sequestered lanes in that romantic district, when the Roses are in bloom, without being attracted by their multitude and fragrance: some perfectly white, and others of a deep red, but the greater number—and these generally the finest flowers, of a fine blush colour. Ask Betsy if she does not remember what a glorious bough-full of them I slipped from the hedge, to ornament the front of our vehicle, when we travelled together on one occasion over these hills? or if she has forgot how profusely and fragrantly they gadded their silvery globes in the sunshine all along the road-side, as we walked from Bakewell to Haddon Hall?

In my first letter, alluding to the garden Rose, I have observed that it will never be called the *Quaker flower:* but that epithet might not so improperly be applied to the present flower; and whatever may be said about Bernard Barton's eulogy on *that* "Queen of Flowers," a Quaker tribute seems aptly enough paid to *this* rural beauty, and has been done

in a volume of very pleasing poetry, written by John and Mary Howitt, of Nottingham. It is not often that we find a man and his wife cultivating together the friendship of the muses, as in this instance; but whether the following stanzas are from the feminine pen, or otherwise, I cannot tell; they are, however, redolent of the subject.

THE WILD ROSE.

" Welcome! oh! welcome once again,
Thou dearest of all the laughing flowers,
That open their odorous bosoms when
The summer birds are in their bowers.
There is none that I love, sweet gem, like thee,
So mildly through the green leaves stealing;
For I seem, as thy delicate flush I see,
In the dewy haunts of my youth to be;
And a gladsome youthful feeling
Springs to my heart, that not all the glare
Of the blossoming East could awaken there.

" Glorious and glad it were no doubt,
Over the billowy sea to sail,
And to find every spot of the wide world out,
So bright and fair in the minstrel's tale.
To roam by old Tyber's classic tide,
At eve, when round the gushing waters
Shades of renown will seem to glide,
And amidst the myrtle's flowery pride
Walk Italy's soft daughters:
Or to see Spain's haughtier damsels rove
Through the delicious orange grove.

" Glorious it were where the bright heav'n glows,
To wander idly far away,
And to scent the musk'd voluptuous rose
Of beauty, blest Circassia;
To spy some languid Indian maid
Wooing at noon the precious breeze,
Beneath the proud magnolia's shade;
Or a Chilian girl at random laid
On a couch of amaryllides;
To behold the cocoa-palm, so fair
To the eye of the southern islander.

" Glorious, Camellian blooms to find
In the jealous realms of far Japan,
Or the epidendrum's garlands twin'd
Round the tall trees of Hindostan:
All this were glad, and awhile to be
Like a spirit wand'ring gaily;
But oh! what souls, to whom these are free,
Would give them all to share with me
The joys that I gather daily,
When, out in the morning's dewy spring,
I mark the wild Rose blossoming.

" When the foot-path's winding track is lost
Beneath the deep o'erhanging grass,
And the golden pollen forth is tost,
Thickly upon me as I pass;
When England is Paradise all over;
When flowers are breathing, birds are singing;
When the honeysuckle I first discover
Balming the air, and in the clover
The early scythe is ringing;
When gales in the billowy grass delight,
And a silvery beauty tracks their flight;

" And, more than all, the sweet wild Rose,
Starring each bush in lanes and glades,
Smiles in each lovelier tint that glows,
On the cheeks of England's peerless maids.
Some, with a deeper, fuller hue,
Like lass o'er the foamy milk-pail chanting;
Lighter are some, and gemm'd with dew,
Like ladies whose lovers all are true,
And nought on earth have wanting,
But their eyes on beauteous scenes are bent,
That own them their chief ornament.

" And some—alas! that a British maid
In beauty should ever resemble them!
Like damsel heart-broken and betray'd,
Droop softly on their slender stem:
Hid in the wild wood's deepest shade,
Flowers of such snowy loveliness,
That almost without light fancy's aid,
Seem they for touching emblems made
Of beauty smitten by distress.
But enough—the wild Rose is the queen of June,
When flowers are abroad, and birds in tune."

You are aware, that the fruit which succeeds to the wild Rose, is the *hip*, or *hep*, of a bright scarlet colour when ripe, and very conspicuous among the salvage produce of the hedges during the winter months, when it becomes the food of various kinds of birds. Of this fruit likewise, by separating the pulp from the seeds, and beating it up with sugar, a very pleasant conserve is made by country people. You will recollect frequently to have noticed in

your walks a curious spongy excrescence, or fibrous tuft of a green and reddish colour, growing upon the stems of the wild rose-tree; this is called rose-sponge, and bedeguar; and is occasioned by a small fly, which piercing the tender bud with its sting, sheds a drop of liquid in the wound, where also it deposits its eggs; the juices of the plant thereby become irritated, and the vegetative process, instead of issuing in leaves, produces a mass of filaments, which curling into a ball, becomes the nest of young insects; first maggots, then chrysales, from which escapes the perfect fly, when the fungus dries and crumbles to pieces.

I remain,

Yours, &c.

P. S. I have just met with three very pretty trifles, which, as my present letter is not full, I shall here transcribe: the first is by poor Blackett, an interesting young man, who gave promise of poetical excellence, but died a few years ago—his remains were edited by Mr. Pratt. The second tribute is from Charlotte Smith: and the third from the pen of the celebrated C. J. Fox, which you will probably deem the most elegant flower in this spray of poetical Roses.

" A sweet-scented Rose I survey'd,
While rapture enliven'd mine eyes;
I entered its dwelling—the shade,
And made the sweet floweret my prize.

" In my bosom I wore it awhile,
But when I observ'd it to fade,
I withdrew from its beauty my smile,
And threw it again on its bed.

" Let the Rose, then, a moral impart
To those who are thoughtless and gay ;
Who, triumphing over a heart,
Caress it,—then cast it away." *Blackett.*

" Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose,
Thy soft and silken leaves disclose :
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky ;
The silver dews and genial showers
Call forth a blooming waste of flowers;
And, lo ! thy beauties now unclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely Rose !
Yet ah ! how soon that bloom is flown !
How soon thy blushing charms are gone !
To-day thy crimson buds unveil,
To-morrow scatter'd in the gale.
Ah ! human bliss as swiftly goes,
And fades like thee, thou lovely Rose."

C. Smith.

" The Rose, the sweetly blooming Rose,
Ere from the tree it's torn,
Is like the charms which beauty shows,
In life's exulting morn !

"But oh! how soon its sweets are gone,
How soon it withering lies!
So, when the eve of life comes on,
Sweet beauty fades and dies.

"Then, since the fairest form that's made
Soon withering we shall find,
Let us possess what ne'er will fade,
The beauties of the *mind!*"

C. J. Fox.

LETTER VII.

" Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple Roses of the spring;
Let me with fun'ral flowers his body strow;
The gifts which parents to their children owe.
This unavailing gift at least I may bestow."

Dryden's Virgil.

My dear Anne,

The use of *flowers* in connexion with the dead, is, in many respects, very touching and impressive, and has obtained in most civilized countries —where flowers are strewed upon the corpse, garlands carried before it to the burial, or shrubs planted upon the grave of the deceased. And surely the impression of mortality is neither diminished or less affecting, when, taking a last look at the exanimate countenance of one whom we have loved, we perceive the coffin scattered with a few flowers—the appropriate emblem of what departed beauty *was*, and of what living beauty *must be*. Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a " fair and happy milk-maid," represents her principal anxiety to be on this subject: " thus lives she, and all her care is

she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding sheet." At the present day, when a young female dies in Wales, it is customary for the damsels invited to her funeral, to bring flowers with them, which they put into her coffin: and how exquisitely touching and graphic is the following verse from "The Dead Twins:"

> "As in their coffin short and wide
> They lay together side by side,
> A *Rose-bud* nearly clos'd, I found
> Each little hand within,
> And many a pink was strew'd around,
> And many a jasimine:
> And yet the flowers that round them lay
> Were not to me more fair than they."

The custom of carrying flowers, and scattering them on the graves of deceased friends, is very ancient. St. Ambrose, in his funeral oration of Valentinian, alludes to the fragrance of those flowers which others scatter over the graves of the deceased, but intimates that the spirit of Christ which dwelt in his friend, should be the odour of his memory. St. Jerome, in a similar strain, in his Letter to Pammachius, says,—"While other husbands strewed violets and *Roses* and purple flowers on the graves of their wives, you, Pammachius, bedewed her ashes with the balsam of charity." Lilies are mentioned by the first writer; from the latter it appears that Roses were used. Shakspeare

has frequent allusions to this custom. Paris, in Romeo and Juliet, when they reach the church-yard of the Capulets, says to the page,—" Give me those flowers :" and while he strews them, thus apostrophising the dead : " Sweet flower ! with flowers I strew thy bridal bed," &c. Again in Hamlet, when the Queen, scattering flowers upon the grave of Ophelia, says,

" Sweets to the sweet : Farewell !
I hop'd thou wouldst have been my Hamlet's wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave."

And lastly, in Cymbeline, where Arviragus says,

" With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath."

It is, however, in Wales that the practice of planting flowers and shrubs on the graves, most generally prevails ; lilies, snowdrops, &c. are placed over children, and sweetbriers and rose-trees over grown up persons. In the confined church-yards of our large towns, where there is hardly a blade of grass to be seen, and where the dead are packed together only into less space than the living, we do not expect to meet with

these living memorials of dead friends. In the burying grounds, however, of many large cities on the continent, and elsewhere, more attention is paid to decorations, and the graves are frequently planted.

The burying grounds about Constantinople, according to Lady Montague, " are certainly much larger than the whole city. It is surprising what a vast deal of ground is lost this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur than this dismal one. On no account do they remove a stone that serves for a monument. The ladies have a simple pillar, without other ornament ; except those that die unmarried, *who have a Rose at the top of their monument.*" There is no people with whom the Rose is a greater favourite, than the Turks. One of the church-yards in Madrid, has a rivulet running through the middle of it, and " the ground," says a French traveller, " is covered with violets, jessamine, Roses, and other flowers, that grow spontaneously. The whole shaded by apple-trees. The trees, rivulet, and shade, the beauty of the flowers, and the smell of the *Roses*, all remind me of the gardens, the delicious bowers and happy plains of Elysium." The Frenchman was sentimental, and his cemeteries at home are planted with Roses.

The following quotation from the eighth volume of Time's Telescope, presents some interesting notices on this subject:—"Among the flowers with which the graves of our ancestors were decorated, (a custom not at present confined to the distant parts of the kingdom, and to Wales, but still common in France, Switzerland, and other countries,) the *Rose* was sometimes blended with the lily, to form a general emblem of frail mortality." "This sweet flower (says Evelyn) borne on a branch set with thorns, and accompanied with the lily, are natural hieroglyphics of our fugitive, umbratile, anxious, and transitory life, which making so fair a show for a time, is not yet without its thorns and crosses." "The *white Rose* was planted at the grave of a virgin; her chaplet was tied with white riband, in token of her spotless innocence: though sometimes black ribands were intermingled, to bespeak the grief of the survivors. The *red Rose* was occasionally used in remembrance of such as had been remarkable for their benevolence; but Roses in general were appropriated to the graves of lovers. Evelyn tells us, that the custom was not altogether extinct in his time, near his dwelling in the county of Surrey, 'where the maidens yearly planted and decked the graves of their defunct sweethearts with *Rose-bushes*.' Camden likewise remarks, in his Britannia, 'Here is also a certain custom observed time out of mind, of planting Rose-trees upon the graves, especially by the young

men and maids who have lost their loves; so that this church-yard is now full of them."

We may presume that this custom of decorating the graves with Roses is not unknown in the sister island, from the following epitaph, said to be copied from a tomb-stone in an Irish country church-yard—and which, with the exception of the sentiment in the first line, is very pleasing:

"A little spirit slumbers here,
Who to one heart was very dear;
Oh! he was more than life or light,
Its thoughts by day—its dream by night!
The chill winds came—the young flow'r faded
And died;—the grave its sweetness shaded.
Fair boy! thou should'st have wept for me,
Nor I have had to mourn o'er thee;
Yet not long shall this sorrowing be—
Those Roses I have planted round,
To deck thy dear sad sacred ground,
When spring gales next those *Roses* wave,
They'll blush upon thy mother's grave."

Anacreon, speaking of the Rose, says that

——"After death, its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead."

and Drummond, the Scotch poet, in an epistle to one of his friends, conjures him to see the following couplet placed over his grave:

"Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometimes grace
The murmuring Esk:—*may Roses shade the place.*"

This, my dear Anne, you will probably think, is rather a funereal letter, and yet it forms not the least interesting chapter, in the biography of our favourite flower. Young as you are, there have been rosy-bosomed days in the spring of your existence, which have passed away without leaving either their brightness or their fragrance behind them; and yet the Roses of youth, health, and beauty, continue to adorn you—long may the best of these blessings be yours—and distant be the time, when the *rose-tree* shall be planted over *your* grave! I will conclude this letter in the language of "The divine Herbert," as he is usually styled.

"Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright;
The bridal of the earth and sky,
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

"Sweet Rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

"Sweet spring! full of sweet days and Roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
My music shews you have your closes,
And all must die."

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

" The Rose the poets strive to praise,
And for it would exchange their bays." *Anacreon.*

My dear Anne,

I intimated in my first letter, that the Rose was an universal favourite; it has indeed been celebrated in most of the languages of the "babbling earth," by ancient or modern writers; and I intend in the present letter, to transcribe for your gratification, such proofs and illustrations of this fact, as I happen to recollect; together with such of the original words, signifying "The Rose," in different languages, as I possess.

Undoubtedly the most ancient, as well as the most interesting book in the world, is the *Bible:* and according to our translation, the Rose, חֲבַצֶּלֶת —*Chabhatzeleth*, in the original, is twice mentioned: first, in the book of Canticles, chap. ii. ver. 2, "I am the *Rose of Sharon*, and the lily of the valleys;" and again in Isaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 1, "The

wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and *blossom as the Rose.*" Whether in the former of these passages, the proper translation is " Rose of the field," in allusion to the commonness of the flower, as some suppose; or whether it ought to be " Rose of Sharon," in reference to its superiority, as connected with that "excellency of Carmel and Sharon," of which Isaiah speaks, I do not know: but this is certain, that Judea, amidst its general and celebrated fruitfulness, produced the rose-bush and its flowers in great perfection. Doubday, an old traveller in the Holy Land, mentions hedges formed of *rose-bushes*, intermingled with pomegranate-trees; and Sandys, another traveller, seems to have found them growing wild, and in great plenty, not far from Jerusalem. He mentions passing " thorow valleys of their Roses voluntarily plentiful." Some conception of their plenty, indeed, may be formed, from a circumstance mentioned by Doubday; he states, that when the Eastern Christians made one of their processions in the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which lasted at least two hours, many men attended it with *sacks full of the leaves of Roses*, which they threw by great handfulls on the people, and indeed in such prodigious quantities, as that many were quite covered with them, and the pavement all strewed over. There were also others with bottles of rose-water, which they threw every where upon people's faces. Harmer, from whom

most of the foregoing notices are taken, gives an opinion, as deducible therefrom, with which you will be pleased: "May we suppose," says he, "that as rose-leaves now are made use of to strew the pavement about the sepulchre of our LORD, they were used in that procession that almost immediately preceded his death, of which the Evangelists have given an account, particularly St. Mark and St. Mathew? *Many spread their garments in the way: and others cut down branches off the trees, and strewed* (them) *in the way.* If rose-bushes grew there on Mount Olivet, they might very naturally cut off branches full of Roses, and shaking them, strew the path of our LORD with the beautiful, but untenacious leaves of those flowers." So much, my dear friend, for the Roses of Palestine.

Next in antiquity to the Hebrew Scriptures, is the poetry of Homer, and the Greek language in which it is written: this prince of profane writers, although he nowhere celebrates the flower, yet he frequently reminds us of it, by his regular use of the epithet, "*rosy-fingered* morn;" and especially in the Twenty-third *Iliad*, from which it would seem, that the ancients used Roses in their preparations for embalming deceased friends; for Venus is described as anointing the body of Hector to preserve it from corruption:

"Celestial Venus hovered o'er his head,
And *roscate* unguents, heavenly fragrance! shed."

The original Greek word for the Rose is Ῥοδον, *Rhodon*, and is often, as I have just said, used as an expressive epithet to describe the dawn of day: Anacreon, following Homer, says,

> " Aurora with a blushing ray,
> And *rosy fingers*, spreads the day."

And our own poets, Dryden and Milton, likewise use it:

> " The *rosy-fingered* morn appears,
> And from her mantle shakes her tears."
>
> *Dryden.*

> ————" The morn,
> Wak'd by the circling hours, with *rosy-hand*
> Unbarr'd the gates of light."
>
> *Milton.*

Among the Greek Fragments attributed to the famous Sappho, with whose history you are acquainted, and who was honoured with the title of " the Truth Muse," there is one on the Rose, which is exceedingly beautiful: as I know you highly admire Boyd's translation, I send you the version of Fawkes, that you may compare them together.

> " Would Jove appoint some flower to reign
> In matchless beauty on the plain,
> The Rose (mankind will all agree),
> The Rose the queen of flowers should be;
> The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,
> The blush of meads, the eye of flowers;

Its beauties charm the gods above;
Its fragrance is the breath of love;
Its foliage wantons in the air,
Luxuriant, like the flowing hair;
It shines in blooming splendour gay,
While zephyrs on its bosom play."

Anacreon, who also wrote in Greek, is said to have been of the suitors of "the lovely Lesbian maid:" leaving this point, which is asserted and denied with equal authority, to the critics, it is certain, that with her he admired the Rose, as witness his Fifth Ode, which I transcribe from Fawkes's translation, which is less paraphrastic than Moore's, whose version of his Fifty-third Ode I will send you in a future letter.

ON THE ROSE.

"To make the beverage divine,
Mingle sweet Roses with the wine;
Delicious will the liquor prove,
For Roses are the flowers of love:
And while with wreaths of Roses crown'd,
Let laughter and the cup go round.
Hail, lovely Rose! to thee I sing,
Thou sweetest daughter of the Spring;
All mortals prize thy beauties bright;
In thee the powers above delight.
Gay Cupid with the Graces bland,
When lightly bounding hand in hand:
With nimble feet he beats the ground,
Shews his bright locks with Roses crown'd.

Here then the flowery garland bring;
With numbers sweet I'll wake the string,
And crown'd with Roses, heavenly flowers!
Admitted, Bacchus, to thy bowers,
With snowy-bosom'd Sappho gay,
I'll dance the feathered hours away."

The Greeks seem to have esteemed the Rose beyond every other flower; they admitted it to all their entertainments, crowned themselves with its wreaths, &c., not only on account of its beauty and fragrance, but because they imagined that odours prevented the wine from intoxicating them.

" In arms redoubtable let others shine,
By Mars protected mow the hostile line;
You let me please, my head with *Roses* crown,
And every care in flowing goblets drown."

Tibullus.

As the Rose was considered to be the flower of Love, so we find that it was the gift of lovers. Theocritus, describing the passion of Polypheme for Galatea, says,

" He gave no *wreaths of Roses* to the fair,
Nor apples, nor sweet parsley for her hair."

Idyll. XI.

The negligence of the young Cyclop, however, in this instance, must not be attributed to indifference, but to excess of passion, which led him to forget the common ceremonies of lovers. You will be amused with the substance of a note on this passage,

given by Fawkes, in his translation of this author, who, he observes, is never more entertaining than when he alludes to some old proverb, as in this place he does: your common lovers, such as were not stark staring mad, and not extravagantly profuse in their presents to their mistresses, were said to love with apples and Roses; or, as others affirm—with apples and garlands, which were generally composed of Roses and parsley: speaking of Amaryllis, the repining poet says,

" Your scorn distracts me, and will make me tear
The flowery crown I wove for you to wear,
Where *rose-buds* mingled with the ivy-wreath,
And fragrant parsley sweetest odours breathe."
Idyll. III.

The poet Virgil ranks next to Homer,—and the Latin language, in which he wrote, after the Greek. This author, however, but seldom speaks of the Rose—*Rosa* in Latin.—I recollect the following simile from the Æneid:

" So looks the beauteous ivory stain'd with red;
So *Roses* mix'd with *lilies* in the bed,
Blend their rich hues."

Anacreon, before mentioned, likewise mixes these flowers:

" In this chaplet, lo! are wove
Lucid colours blending bright,
Roses red, and *lilies white*:
We, methinks, resemble those
I the lily, you the Rose."

The Romans as well as the Grecians esteemed the Rose in their entertainments. Horace delicately praises it when he complains of the shortness of its duration:

> " Here wine and oil, and *Roses* bring,
> Too short-lived daughters of the Spring."

The Rose was to be found growing in the vicinity of Parnassus, and was especially consecrated to the Muses. Theocritus says,

> " This wild thyme, and *these Roses*, moist with dew,
> Are sacred to the Heliconian Muse."

Anacreon says,

> " In fabled song, and tuneful lays,
> Their *favourite Rose*, the Muses praise."

And Sappho, addressing—it is presumed—an arrogant, unlettered lady:

> " When'er the Fates resume thy breath,
> No bright reversion shalt thou gain,
> Unnotic'd thou shalt sink in death,
> Nor e'en thy memory remain:
> For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd *the lovely Rose,*
> *Which on the mountain of Pieria blows.*"

I scarcely need remind you, that Pieria was a mountain in Macedonia, dedicated to the Muses, from which issued the celebrated " Pierian Spring." The following beautiful sonnet, translated in the

London Magazine, from the Italian of Antonio Tebaldeo, alludes to the Roses of classic ground:

"From Cyprus' isle, where Love owns every bower,
Or from the neighb'ring shores of Love's domain,
Thou surely com'st, sweet Rose, since this our plain
Bears not the stem where blooms so sweet a flower.
For I, who late was near my last sad hour,
No sooner from her hand the gift obtain,
Than thy sweet breath did charm away my pain,
And to my limbs restore their wonted power.
But mark one thing that wakes a just surprise,
Thy pallid form with life but faintly glows,
That late of loveliest hue blush'd vermeil dyes:
Haste to the thoughtless Fair, go sorrowing, Rose,
Bid her, by thy waned beauty taught, be wise,
For her own good provide, and my repose."

I know, my dear Anne, that this letter, although consisting of little else than verbal notices of our favourite flower, will not be uninteresting to you, who unite with the eager curiosity, the refined taste of your sex: as fragments of antiquity, they furnish an additional illustration of the fact, that the Rose was an early and universal favourite. In my next letter, I intend to present you with a few tributes to the Rose, from the poets of different countries, and these you will find doubly interesting from their allusion to the flower, and the beauty of the poetry,

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER IX.

——"The lovely Rose,
That on the mountain of Pieria blows."
Sappho.

My dear Anne,

The Italians, who for their origin, language, and poetry, deserve to be mentioned after the Latins, are great admirers of the Rose, which is written *Rosa*, as in Latin.

Phillips, in his poem on "Cider," alludes to a peculiar affection in the Rose of Pæstum in Leucadia, which will not be likely to be participated by any but a Welshman:

——"The Pæstan Rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fœtid Leek,
(Crest of stout Britons) and enhances thence
The price of her celestial scent."

Lord Byron has celebrated the Rose of Italy; and many of her own poets have done the same. The following lines are from Ariosto, translated by an early English poet—Sir John Harrington:

" Like to the Rose I count the virgin pure,
That grow'th on native stem in garden faire,
Which while it stands with walls environed sure,
Where herdsmen with their herds cannot repaire
To favour it, it seemeth to allure
The morning dew, the heate, the earth, the aire:
Young gallant men, and lovely dames, delight
In their sweet scent, and in their pleasing sight.
—But when at once 'tis gathered and gone,
From proper stalk, where late before it grew,
The love, the liking little is on none;
Both favour, grace, and beauty, all adieu!"

I will now transcribe a Sonnet from Metastasio, in which the poet anticipates a very different destiny for *his* Rose:

THE ROSE.

O lovely Rose, whose dewy leaflets blowing,
Are tended by the genial breath of morn,
And o'er whose breast, the early breezes borne,
Have left in crimson hue thy garments glowing:
The same kind hand that watches now thy growing
Shall lead thee soon a purer scene t' adorn,
Where, freed for ever from the galling thorn,
Thoul't bloom—alone thy fairer features showing.
Secure in loveliness that never dies—
Nor snow, nor hail, nor warring winds are there,
Nor changing seasons, nor inclement skies;
But blooming safe beneath a kinder care,
Thou shalt in calm serenity arise,
For ever fragrant, and for ever fair."

But the beautiful poem of *Jerusalem Delivered,* as well as the peculiar misfortunes of its author, have rendered Tasso the most interesting of the Italian poets; and the beautiful lines which follow, will not, I am sure, diminish that interest:

"Ah! see, deep-blushing in her green recess,
The bashful virgin Rose, that half revealing,
And half within herself, herself concealing,
Is lovelier for her hidden loveliness.
Lo! soon her glorious beauty she discovers:
Soon droops;—and sheds her leaves of faded hue;
Can this be she,—the flower, erewhile that drew
The heart of thousand maids, of thousand longing lovers?

"So fleeteth in the fleeting of a day,
Of mortal life the green leaf and the flower,
And not, though Spring return to every bower,
Buds forth again soft leaf or blossom gay.
Gather the Rose! beneath the beauteous morning
Of this bright day that soon will over-cast;
O gather the sweet Rose, that yet doth last!"

Portugal has to boast an epic poet, not inferior in genius or misfortune to the last mentioned. Lewis Camoens, the author of *The Lusiad,* has an exquisite little composition connected with the Rose. This rondeau, translated by Lord Strangford, has enjoyed an uncommon degree of celebrity, from its union with the beautiful air of Mr. John Dacey, one of the best musical composers of our time, and who

sank into the grave " without a friend to close his eyes" in March 1824!

" Just like Love is yonder Rose,—
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briars it blows,
Just like Love.

" Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gather'd with the rest,
And with it to the heart be prest,
Just like Love.

" And when rude hands the twin-buds sever,
They die, and they shall blossom never;
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Just like Love."

I have not given the original word in Portuguese, which is probably similar to the term used in other European languages, through which, I am informed by Mr. Bowring, there runs a general similarity in the synonyms of the word representing the Rose.

Having mentioned the name of the above gentleman, to whose kindness I am indebted for the original Russian word, as well as some others; I cannot omit this opportunity of acknowledging the pleasure I have experienced from the perusal of the beauties of the Russian and Batavian poets, in Mr. Bowring's elegant versions of their works. The

word for Rose, in the language and character of the former country, is ROЗA (*Rosa*); and the following airy trifle is from the Russian of Kostrov.

THE VOW.

" The Rose is my favourite flower;
On its tablets of crimson I swore,
That up to my last living hour,
I never would think of Thee more.

I scarcely the record had made,
Ere Zephyr, in frolicsome play,
On his light, airy pinions conveyed
Both tablet and promise away."

Having mentioned the poetry of Batavia, I am glad to have this opportunity of sending you an interesting reference to our favourite flower, from the Dutch of Bilderdyk, in whose language the word is **Roos.**

THE ROSES.

" I saw them once blowing
While morning was glowing,
But now are their wither'd leaves strew'd o'er the ground,
For tempest to play on,
For cold worms to prey on,
The shame of the garden that triumphs around.

Their buds which then flourish'd
With dew drops were nourish'd,
Which turn'd into pearls as they fell from on high;
Their hues are all banish'd,
Their fragrance all vanish'd,
Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races
Of glories and graces
Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay;
And smiling and gladness,
In sorrow and sadness,
Ere life reach'd its twilight fade dimly away.

Joy's light-hearted dances,
And melody's glances,
Are rays of a moment—are dying when born;
And pleasure's best dower
Is nought but a flower,
A vanishing dew-drop—a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,
Its brilliancy shrouded,
Our strength disappears, we are helpless and lone;
No reason avails us,
And intellect fails us;
Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on."

I have previously given you a beautiful poem from the German, on the Moss-rose; the common word is Rose; and the following very beautiful lines are from Goëthe:

THE ROSE-BUD.

" A Rose that bloom'd the road-side by,
Caught a young vagrant's wanton eye;
The child was gay, the morn was clear,
The child would see the rose-bud near:
He saw the blooming flower.
My little Rose, my rose-bud dear!
My Rose that blooms the road-side near!
The child exclaimed, ' My hands shall dare
Thee, Rose, from off thy stem to tear:'
The Rose replied, ' If I have need,
My thorns shall make thy fingers bleed—
Thy rash design give o'er.'
My little Rose, my rose-bud dear!
My Rose that blooms the road-side near!
Regardless of its thorny spray,
The child would tear the Rose away;
The Rose bewail'd with sob and sigh,
But all in vain, no help was nigh
To quell the urchin's power.
My little Rose, my rose-bud dear!
My Rose that bloom'd the road side near!

New Monthly Mag. 1822.

The Swedish word for Rose is *Ros:* and although I cannot present you with a poetical tribute from that language, yet the country of Linnæus is neither destitute of Roses, nor of talent to celebrate them; for beside the father of botany just mentioned, Dr. Afzelius published at Upsal, " a most elaborate,

accurate, and learned monograph on the Swedish Roses," as it is characterised by Dr. Sims. In Denmark, the word is *Rose* as with us.

" Oh! nowhere blooms so bright the *Summer Rose*,
As where youth cropt it from the valley's breast;
Oh! nowhere are the downs so soft as those
That pillow'd infancy's unbroken rest."

Translated from the Danish, by
Mr. Walker of Cambridge.

Of every other people, however, you are aware, that the Persians are the most enthusiastic admirers of the Rose, regarding it with a sort of idolatrous respect: as other of my letters will introduce this subject, I shall here, only copy a pair of bagatelles, the first translated into English prose, and the other—an Ode of Jami—translated by Sir William Jones, in the Persian form and measure:

" I saw my moon-like beloved in the garden, gathering Roses; the thorn wounded her hands, but she only smiled. I asked the cause of her laughter; in answer, she cried, The Rose from envy of superior charms has wounded my hands."

ODE OF JAMI.

" How sweet the gale of morning breathes!
News, the Rose will soon approach,
Soon will a thousand parted souls
Since tidings, which in every heart

Late near my charmer's flowing robe
Thence, odour to the rose-bud's veil,
Painful is absence, and that pain
Thou know'st dear maid!"

I shall conclude this letter with the production of an American poet of the name of Perceval: the poetry of America is now beginning to assume a distinct character, of which the pieces of this author are no unfair specimen.

" Rose of my heart! I've rais'd for thee a bower,
For thee have bent the pliant osier round,
For thee have carpeted with turf the ground,
And trained a canopy to shield thy flower,
So that the warmest sun can have no power
To dry the dew from off thy leaf, and pale
Thy living carmine, but a woven veil
Of full-green vines shall guard from heat and shower.—
Rose of my heart! here, in this dim alcove,
No worm shall nestle, and no wandering bee
Shall suck thy sweets, no blights shall wither thee,
But thou shalt show the freshest hue of love.
Like the red stream that from Adonis flowed,
And make the snow carnation, thou shalt blush,
And fays shall wander from their bright abode
To flit enchanted round thy loaded bush.
Bowed with thy fragrant burden, thou shalt bend
Thy slender twigs and thorny branches low:
Vermilion and the purest foam shall blend;
These shall be pale, and those in youth's first glow:

Their tints shall form one sweetest harmony,
  And on some leaves the damask shall prevail,
Whose colours melt, like the soft symphony
  Of flutes and voices in the distant dale.
The bosom of that flower shall be as white,
  As hearts that love, and love alone, are pure;
Its tip shall blush, as beautiful and bright,
As are the gayest streaks of dawning light,
  Or rubies set within a brimming ewer—
Rose of my heart! there thou shalt ever bloom,
  Safe in the shelter of my perfect love,
And when they lay thee in the dark cold tomb,
  I'll find thee out a better bower above."

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER X.

" In the midst of briars it blows,
Just like Love." *Camoens.*

My dear Anne,

The earliest British poet who has celebrated our favourite flower, is " gentill maistre Chaucer," (who died about 1400,) in a poem called " The Romaunt of the Rose," in which, however, he does not refer to the flower solely, but to the subject of *Love*, under the symbol of a Rose. " This book," says the writer of a prefatory note, " was begun in French verse, by William de Lorris, and finished forty years after, by John Clopinell, alias John Moone, born at Mewen upon the river of Loyer, not far from Paris, as appeareth by Molinet, the French author, upon the morality of the Romaunt; and afterward translated for the most part into English metre by Geffry Chaucer, but not finished. ' It is entituled, The Romaunt of the Rose; or, The Art of Love: wherein is shewed the helps and furtherances, as also the lets and impediments that lovers

have in their suits. In this book the author hath many glances at the hypocrisie of the clergy; whereby he got himself such hatred amongst them, that Gerson, the Chancellour of Paris, writeth thus of him: saith he, 'There was one called Johannes Meldinensis, who wrote a book called, The Romaunt of the Rose; which book, if I only had, and that there were no more in the world, if I might have five hundred pounds for the same, I would rather burne it than take the money.' He sayth more, that if he thought the author thereof did not repent him for that book before he died, he would vouchsafe to pray for him, no more than he would for Judas, that betrayed Christ."

This poem participates largely of the beauties and the faults which generally characterise Chaucer's voluminous writings. Its beauties are, several exquisite touches of descriptive writing, and many moral and shrewd sentiments, tersely and forcibly expressed. Its faults are, a redundancy of allegory, and a rugged verbosity; as the author seems to know nothing about—what, indeed, all poets learn with difficulty—

"The last and greatest art—the art to blot."

Few females are presumed to be much acquainted with the works of Chaucer; nor is it any discredit to you, my dear Anne, that probably you do not form one of the exceptions; for not only is the

almost obsolete language of the author an insuperable barrier to the general perusal of poems so voluminous, but a still greater objection, in respect of your sex, lies in the frequent indelicacy and often offensive coarseness of his expressions. If you have read the piece in question,—which is, on the whole, pretty free from *these* objections,—you will not need to be told that I shall not quote the whole of it in this letter; but if you have not read it, I may just observe that it contains not fewer than *seven thousand* lines! As it would be difficult in brief space to give you any distinct idea of the plan of the poem, I shall only make such remarks as may assist you to understand the lines which I shall transcribe, as more immediately affecting the symbolical honour of the Rose:

> " Within my twentie yeere of age,
> When that loue taketh his courage
> Of young folke, I wente soone
> To bed, as I was wont to doone;
> And fast I slept, and in sleeping,
> Me mette such a swenening,
> That liked me wondrous wele,
> But in that swenen is never a dele
> That it his afterward befall,
> Right as this dreame will tell us all."

He dreamed that he saw a garden

> " Walled wele
> With hie walles enbatailed,
> Portrayed without, and wele entayled

With many rich portraitures,
And both yet images and peintures," &c.

They represented Hate, Covetousness, Avarice, Envy, Age, Mirth, &c. which he severally describes with great minuteness. Next to "Dame Gladnesse" he saw the "God of Love;" his robe was curiously wrought with strange designs, and various flowers,

"And many a Rose-lefe full long
Was entermedled there emong;
And also on his head was set
Of Roses redde a chapelet."

After a very long interlude, introducing various virtues and vices, we come to the description of the Roses, which are rather curiously exhibited in a crystal mirror at the bottom of a well:

"This well is cleped, as well is knowen,
The Well of Love, of very right,
Of which there hath full many wight
Spoken in bookes diursly." * * * *
"In thilk mirror saw I tho,
Among a thousand things mo,
A roser* charged full of Rosis,
That with an hedge about enclosis,

---

* *Rose-bush.* This pleasing epithet is used by Skelton, in the reign of Henry VIII.

"The banks enturfed with singular solas
Enrailed with *Rosers.*"

Tho had I such lust and enuie,
That for Paris ne for Pauie
Nold I haue left to gone and see,
There greatest hepe of Roses be.
Whan I was with that rage hent,
That caught hath many a man and shent,*
Toward the roser gan I go,
And when I was not ferre therefro,
The sauer of the Roses swote
Me smote right to the heart rote,
As I had all enbaumed be:
And if I ne had endoubted me
To have been hoted or assailed,
My thanks woll I not have failed,
To pull a Rose of all that rout
To beare in mine honde about,
And smellen to it where I went;
But ever I drede me to repent,
And least it grieved or forthought
The lord that thilk gardin wrought.
Of Roses there were great wone,†
So faire were never in Rone;
Of knopes‡ close, some saw I there,
And some well better woxen were,
And some there been of other moison,§
That draw nigh to hir season,
And sped hem faste for to spread,
I love well such Roses red:
For brode Roses and open also,
Ben passed in a day or two,
But knoppes will fresh bee
Two dayes at least, or els three.

---

* Ruined. † Heap. ‡ Buds. § Growth.

The knoppes greatly liked mee,
For fairer may there no man see:
Who so might have one of all,
It ought him been full lefe withall:
Might I garlande of hem getten,
For no richesse I would it letten.*
Amongs the knoppes I chese one
So faire, that of the remnaunt none
Ne preise I half so well as it,
When I avise it in my wit,
For it so well was enlumined
With colour red, as well fined
As nature couth it make faire,
And it had leaves well foure paire,
That kind hath set through his knowing
About the red Roses springing,
The stalk was as a rishe right,
And thereon stood the knoppe upright;
That it ne bowed upon no side,
The swote smell sprung so wide,
That it died all the place about.
When I had smelled the savour swote,
No will had I fro thence yet go,
But somedele nere it went I tho,
To take it, but mine honde for drede
Ne durst I to the Rose bede,
For thistles sharpe of many manners,
Nettles, thornes, and hooked briers,
For muche they distourbled me,
For sore I drad to harmed be."

---

* Leave.

" Venus's son, Dan Cupido," now wounds him with five different arrows, which he calls Beauty, Simplesse, Courtesie, Company, and Fair Semblaunt. The effects of these different attributes upon the lover, in his attempts to obtain the favourite " bothun," are forcibly depicted; the fable then becomes very diffuse, exhibiting the character given in the prefatory note. The foregoing extract will furnish you with an idea of the style and subject of " The Romaunt of the Rose;" a poem, which from its allusion to this flower, no less than a reverence for its antiquity, I have great pleasure in thus introducing to your acquaintance.

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

Emil. Of all flowers,
Methinks the Rose is best.
Serv. Why, gentle madam?
Emil. It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! When the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like Chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briars.

My dear Anne,

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the writings of the earlier dramatists, any more than with their successors, to be able to say how far they may have made honourable mention of this regal flower. The motto, at the head of this letter, is from the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, which contain much powerful dramatic writing. With Shakspeare's plays I am better acquainted, and from his pages I shall transplant a few Roses into this letter. The following is from the collection of sonnets, generally attributed to him:

" O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The Rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly,
When summers breath their masked buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet Roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth."

The thought at the conclusion of this sonnet is akin to one in the " Midsummer Night's Dream;" where Theseus intimates to Hermia, that they may be " thrice blessed," in some respects, who can so master themselves, as

—" to endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed.—
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the Rose distill'd,
Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness."

In another part of the same play, Titania dispatches her train of fairies, after a dance and a song,

" Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds."

Roses at Christmas were uncommon in Shakspeare's time; he therefore compares them to an absurd expectation:

" Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows."
Love's Labour Lost.

In the same play, Boyet exhorts the Princess to change her countenance, and to

" Blow like sweet Roses in this summer air.
Princess.—How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.
Boyet.—Fair ladies mask'd, are Roses in their bud:
Damask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or Roses blown."

In " All's Well that Ends Well," he makes Bertram say to Diana—

" But I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Diana.—Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our Roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness."

And in the " Taming of the Shrew," he makes Petruchio say, that should any one, of Katharina

" Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning Roses, newly wash'd with dew."

In the " Winter's Tale," the rogue Autolycus, among other of his commodities declares, that he has

" Gloves as sweet as damask Roses."

But in the whole history of our favourite flower, there never was an instance in which it was associated with matters of more tremendous importance, than when it was used as a symbol by both parties, in that long and sanguinary conflict between the Houses of York and Lancaster for the throne of England—emphatically denominated the " War of the Roses." This dreadful civil contest, which was carried on with greater animosity, than, perhaps, any ever known, was, as you will recollect, eventually terminated by the capture of Edward the Fourth, by Henry of Lancaster, afterwards Henry the Seventh, who, marrying Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward, then dead, happily united the rival Houses, under the auspices of the Red Rose.

Well may Walter Scott sing,

" Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended Roses, bought so dear."

They were indeed dearly bought! There is in the Remembrance Office, an original manuscript

signed by King Henry the Seventh, from which it appears that a *red Rose* cost two shillings—a considerable sum in those times."

Shakspeare, in the First Part of his King Henry the Sixth, has a whole scene, in which this flower is introduced with associations too important to be omitted by me in these letters: and I doubt not, but this extract, notwithstanding its length, will afford you some pleasure:—it has the triple interest of presenting a specimen of Shakspeare—an illustration of an historical fact—and especially an important chapter in the history of the Rose.

Scene IV. *London.—The Temple Garden.*

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan.—Great Lords and Gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf.—Within the Temple Hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan.—Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf.—'Faith I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.
Som.—Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then between us.
War.—Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But, in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan.—Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som.—And on my side it is so well apparelled,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan.—Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a *White Rose* with me.

Som.—Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a *Red Rose* from off this thorn with me.

War.—I love no colours! and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this *White Rose* with Plantagenet.

Suf.—I pluck this *Red Rose* with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver.—Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest *Roses* are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som.—Good master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan.—And I.

Ver.—Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the *White Rose* side.
Som.—Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the *White Rose red*,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Ver.—If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som.—Well, well, come on: who else?
Law.—Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you; [*to Somerset.*
In sign whereof, I pluck a *White Rose* too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som.—Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your *White Rose* in a bloody *red*.
Plan.—Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our *Roses;*
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som.—No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our *Roses;*
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan.—Hath not thy *Rose* a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy *Rose* a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan.—Ay, sharp and piercing to maintain this truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats its falsehood.
Som.—Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding *Roses*,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan.—Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.
Suf.—Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan.—Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him & thee.
Suf.—I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som.—Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
War.—Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan.—He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som.—By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.
Plan.—My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemned to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker, Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som.—Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.
Plan.—And, by my soul, this pale and angry *Rose*,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,

Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf.—Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next.

Som.—Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard.

Plan.—How I am braved, and must perforce endure it!

War.—This blot that they object against your house,
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this *Rose;*
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the *Red Rose* and the *White,*
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan.—Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver.—In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law.—And so will I.

Plan.—Thanks, gentle Sir,
Come, let us four to dinner; I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

This, my dear Anne, is a very long extract; but as you do not read Shakspeare, for which I commend you, this is a very fair specimen of his more unexceptionable matter; and, though not without some offensive expressions, is not, on the whole,

improper for me to write, or for you to read. I shall conclude this long letter, with a smart epigram from an old author: it is on presenting a *White Rose* to a Lancastrian Lady:

"If this fair *Rose* offend thy sight,
It in thy bosom wear;
'Twill blush to find itself less white,
And turn *Lancastrian* there."

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XII.

" Fragrant Roses all entwin'd,
'Twixt the fingers of the fair;
And the chaplets so design'd,
For their true love's brows prepare."

Anon.

My dear Anne,

I shall occupy this and a following letter with a tale, which appeared in the " London Magazine" for April 1822: it is so intimately associated with the annals of our favourite flower, so agreeable to my own feelings, and withal so delectable a love-story, that of all the interesting articles in that work, I never read one with so much pleasure as the following. It is given by the writer, as the adventure, and in the words, of the celebrated Wieland, from a conversation at his own table.

THE ROSE IN JANUARY.

A German Tale.

"I was not quite thirty," said he [*Wieland*] to us, "when I obtained the chair of philosophical professor in this college, in the most flattering manner: I need not tell you that my *amour propre* was gratified by a distinction rare enough at my age. I certainly had worked for it formerly; but at the moment it come to me, another species of philosophy occupied me much more deeply, and I would have given more to know what passed in one heart, than to have had power to analyze those of all mankind.—I was passionately in love; and you all know, I hope, that when love takes possession of a young head, adieu to every thing else; there is no room for any other thought. My table was covered with folios of all colours, quires of paper of all sizes, journals of all species, catalogues of books,—in short, of all that one finds on a professor's table: but of the whole circle of science, I had for some time studied only the article *Rose*, whether in the Encyclopædia, the botanical books, or all the gardener's calendars that I could meet with. You shall learn, presently, what led me to this study, and why it was that my window was always open during the coldest days. All this was connected with the passion by which I was possessed, and

which was become my sole and continual thought. I could not well say at this moment how my lectures and courses got on, but this I know, that more than once I have said ' Amelia,' instead of ' philosophy.'

" It was the name of my beauty—in fact, of the beauty of the university, Mademoiselle de Belmont. Her father, a distinguished officer, had died on the field of battle. She occupied with her mother a large and handsome house in the street in which I lived, on the same side, and a few doors distant. This mother, wise and prudent, obliged by circumstances to inhabit a city filled with students from all parts, and having so charming a daughter, never suffered her a moment from her sight, either in or out of doors. But the good lady passionately loved company and cards; and to reconcile her tastes with her duties, she carried Amelia with her to all the assemblies of dowagers, professor's wives, cannonesses, &c. &c., where the poor girl *ennuyed* herself to death, hemming or knitting beside her mother's card table. But you ought to have been informed, that no student,—indeed no man under fifty, was admitted. I had then but little chance of conveying my sentiments to Amelia. I am sure, however, that any other than myself would have discovered this chance, but I was a perfect novice in gallantry: and, until the moment when I imbibed this passion from Amelia's beautiful eyes, mine, having been always fixed upon volumes of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c. &c., understood nothing at all of the

language of the heart. It was at an old lady's, to whom I was introduced, that I become acquainted with Amelia; my destiny led me to her house on the evening of her assembly; she received me—I saw Mademoiselle de Belmont, and from that instant her image was engraven in lines of fire on my heart. The mother frowned at the sight of a well-looking young man; but my timid, grave, and perhaps somewhat pedantic air, re-assured her. There were a few other young persons,—daughters and nieces of the lady of the mansion; it was summer—they obtained permission to walk in the garden, under the windows of the saloon, and the eyes of their mammas. I followed them; and without daring to address a word to my fair one, caught each that fell from her lips.

" Her conversation appeared to me as charming as her person; she spoke on different subjects with intelligence above her years. In making some pleasant remarks on the defects of men in general, she observed, that ' what she most dreaded was violence of temper.' Naturally of a calm disposition, I was wishing to boast of it; but not having the courage, I at last entered into her idea, and said so much against passion, that I could not well be suspected of an inclination to it: I was recompensed by an approving smile; it emboldened me, and I began to talk much better than I thought myself capable of doing before so many handsome women; she appeared to listen with pleasure; but when they came

to the chapter of fashions, I had no more to say—it was an unknown language; neither did she appear versed in it. Then succeeded observations on the flowers in the garden; I knew little more of this than of the fashions, but I might likewise have my particular taste; and to decide, I waited to learn that of Amelia: she declared for the *Rose*, and grew animated in the eulogy of her chosen flower. From that moment, it became to me the queen of flowers. 'Amelia,' said a little, laughing *Espiègle*, 'how many of your favourites are condemned to death this winter?' 'Not one,' replied she; 'I renounce them—their education is too troublesome, and too ungrateful a task, and I begin to think I know nothing about it.'

"I assumed sufficient resolution to ask the explanation of that question and answer: she gave it to me; 'You have just learned that I am passionately fond of *Roses;* it is an hereditary taste; my mother is still fonder of them than I am; since I was able to think of any thing, I have had the greatest wish to offer her a *Rose-tree* in blow (as a new-year's gift) the first of January: I have never succeeded. Every year I have put a quantity of rose-trees into vases; the greater number perished; and I have never been able to offer one Rose to my mother.' So little did I know of the culture of flowers, as to be perfectly ignorant that it was possible to have roses in winter; but from the moment I understood that it might be, without a miracle,

and that incessant attention only was necessary, I promised myself, that this year, the first of January should not pass without Amelia's offering her mother a rose-tree in blow. We returned to the saloon—so close was I on the watch that I heard her ask my name in a whisper. Her companion answered, 'I know him only by reputation; they say he is an author, and so learned that he is already a professor.'—'I should never have guessed it,' said Amelia; 'he seems neither vain nor pedantic.'—How thankful was I for this reputation! Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty rose-trees of different months to be put into vases. 'It must be singular ill fortune,' thought I, 'if among this number, one at least does not flower.' On leaving the gardener, I went to my bookseller's, purchased some works on flowers, and returned home full of hope. I intended to accompany my rose-tree with a fine letter, in which I should request to be permitted to visit Madame de Belmont, in order to teach her daughter the art of having roses in winter; the agreeable lesson, and the charming scholar, were to me much pleasanter themes than those of my philosophical lectures. I built on all this the prettiest romance possible; my milk-pail had not yet got on so far as *Pernette's;* she held it on her head; and my rose was not yet transplanted into its vase; but I saw it all in blow. In the mean time, I was happy only in imagination; I no longer saw Amelia; they ceased to invite me

to the dowager parties, and she was not allowed to mix in those of young people. I must then be restricted, until my introducer was in a state of preservation, to seeing her every evening pass by with her mother, as they went to their parties. Happily for me, Madame de Belmont was such a coward in a carriage, that she preferred walking when it was possible. I knew the hour at which they were in the habit of leaving home; I learned to distinguish the sound of the bell of their gate, from that of all others of the quarter; my window on the ground floor was always open; at the moment I heard their gate unclose, I snatched up some volume, which was often turned upside down, stationed myself at the window, as if profoundly occupied with my studies, and thus almost every day saw for an instant the lovely girl, and this instant was sufficient to attach me to her still more deeply. The elegant simplicity of her dress; her rich dark hair, wreathed round her head, and falling in ringlets on her forehead; her slight and graceful figure—her step, at once light and commanding—the fairy foot, that the care of guarding the snowy robe rendered visible, inflamed my admiration; while her dignified and composed manner, her attention to her mother, and the affability with which she saluted her inferiors, touched my heart yet more. I began too to fancy, that limited as were my opportunities of attracting her notice, I was not entirely indifferent to her. * * * * * *

" October arrived, and with it my fifty vases of rose-trees; for which, of course, they made me pay what they chose; and I was as much delighted to count them in my room, as a miser would his sacks of gold. They all looked rather languishing, but then it was because they had not yet reconciled themselves to the new earth. I read all that was ever written on the culture of Roses, with much more attention than I had formerly read my old philosophers; and I ended as wise as I began. I perceived that this science, like all others, has no fixed rules, and that each vaunts his system, and believes it the best. One of my gardener authors would have the rose-trees as much as possible in the open air; another recommended their being close shut up; one ordered constant watering; another absolutely forbade it. ' It is thus with the education of man,' said I, closing the volumes in vexation. ' Always in extremes—always for exclusive systems —let us try the medium between these opposite opinions.'—I established a good thermometer in my room; and according to its indications, I put them outside the windows, or took them in: you may guess that fifty Roses, to which I gave this exercise three or four times a day, according to the variations of the atmosphere, did not leave me much idle time; and this was the occupation of a professor of philosophy! Ah! well might they have taken his chair from him, and sent him back to school; to school, a thousand times more childish than the

youngest of those pupils to whom I hurried over the customary routine of philosophical lessons: my whole mind was fixed on Amelia and my rose-trees.

" The death of the greater number of my *elèves* however, soon lightened my labour; more than half of them never struck root. I flung them into the fire: a fourth part of those that remained, after unfolding some little leaves, stopped there: several assumed a blackish yellow tint, and gave me hope of beautifying: some flourished surprisingly, but only in leaves: others, to my great joy, were covered with buds; but in a few days they always got that little yellow circle, which the gardeners call the collar, and which is to them a mortal malady. Their stalks twisted—they drooped—and finally fell one after the other to the earth—not a single bud remaining on my poor trees. Thus withered my hopes; and the more care I took of my invalids—the more I hawked them from window to window, the worse they grew. At last, one of them, and but one, promised to reward my trouble —thickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprang out a fine vigorous branch, crowned with six beautiful buds that got no collar—grew, enlarged, and even discovered through their calices, a slight rose tint. There were still six long weeks before the new year; and, certainly, four, at least, of my precious buds would be blown by that time. Behold me

now recompensed for all my pains; hope re-entered my heart, and every moment I looked on my beautiful introducer with complacency."——I have filled my letter at present, and shall therefore give you the conclusion of the story in my next, which, as it would be cruel to make you wait long, you may expect by the post to-morrow; meanwhile,

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIII.

" The little Rose that laughs upon its stem,
One of the sweets with which the gardens teem,
In value soars above an eastern gem,
If tender'd as a token of esteem." *Cunningham.*

My dear Anne,

I shall now, according to my promise, transcribe the remainder of the story begun in my last:—" On the 27th of November," continued the relater, " a day which I can never forget, the sun rose in all its brilliance; I thanked heaven, and hastened to place my rose-tree, and such of its companions as yet survived, on a peristyle in the court. (I have already mentioned that I lodged on the ground floor;) I watered them, and went, as usual, to give my philosophical lecture. I then dined—drank to the health of my Rose; and returned to take my station in my window, with a quicker throbbing of the heart.

" Amelia's mother had been slightly indisposed;

for eight days she had not left the house, and, consequently, I had not seen my fair one. On the first morning, I had observed the physician going in: uneasy for her, I contrived to cross his way, questioned him, and was comforted. I afterwards learned that the old lady had recovered, and was to make her appearance abroad on this day, at a grand gala given by a baroness, who lived at the end of the street. I was then certain to see Amelia pass by, and eight days of privation had enhanced that thought; I am sure Madame de Belmont did not look to this party with as much impatience as I did. She was always one of the first; it had scarcely struck five, when I heard the bell of her gate. I took up a book—there was I at my post, and presently I saw Amelia appear, dazzling with dress and beauty, as she gave her arm to her mother; never yet had the brilliancy of her figure so struck me: this time there was no occasion for her to speak to catch my eyes; they were fixed on her's, but her's were bent down; however, she guessed that I was there, for she passed slowly to prolong my happiness. I followed her with my gaze, until she entered the house; then only she turned her head for a second; the door was shut, and she disappeared, but remained present to my heart. I could neither close my window, nor cease to look at the baroness's hotel, as if I could see Amelia through the walls; I remained there till all objects were faded into obscurity. The approach of night, and the frostiness of the air,

brought to my recollection that the rose-tree was still on the peristyle: never had it been so precious to me; I hastened to it; and scarcely was I in the anti-chamber when I heard a singular noise, like that of an animal browsing, and tinkling its bells. I trembled, I flew; and I had the grief to find a sheep quietly fixed beside my rose-trees, of which it was making its evening repast with no slight avidity.

"I caught up the first thing in my way; it was a heavy cane; I wished to drive away the gluttonous beast; alas! it was too late! he had just bitten off the beautiful branch of buds; he swallowed them, one after another; and in spite of the gloom, I could see, half out of his mouth, the finest of them all, which in a moment was champed like the rest. I was neither ill-tempered nor cruel; but at this sight I was no longer master of myself. Without well knowing what I did, I discharged a blow of my cane on the animal, and stretched it at my feet. No sooner did I perceive it motionless, than I repented of having killed a creature unconscious of the mischief it had done; was this worthy of the professor of philosophy, the adorer of the gentle Amelia? But thus to eat up my rose-tree, my only hope to get admittance to her! when I thought on its annihilation, I could not consider myself so culpable. However, the night darkened; I heard the old servant crossing the lower passage, and I called her. 'Catharine,' said I, 'bring your

light, there is mischief here; you left the stable door open, (that of the court was also unclosed,) one of your sheep has been browsing on my rose-trees, and I have punished it.'

" She soon came with the lanthorn in her hand. 'It is not one of our sheep,' said she; 'I have just come from them, the stable door is shut, and they are all within. Oh, blessed saints; blessed saints! what do I see!'——exclaimed she when near, 'it is the pet sheep of our neighbour Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. Poor Robin! what bad luck brought you here? Oh! how sorry she will be.' I nearly dropped down beside Robin. 'Of Mademoiselle Amelia?' said I, in a trembling voice, 'has she actually a sheep?' 'Oh! good Lord! no, she has none at this moment—but that which lies there with its four legs in the air: she loved it as herself; see the collar that she worked for it with her own hands.' I bent to look at it. It was of red leather, ornamented with little bells, and she had embroidered on it in gold thread, 'Robin belongs to Amelia de Belmont; she loves him, and begs that he may be restored to her.' 'What will she think of the barbarian who has killed him in a fit of passion; the vice she most detests: she is right, it has been fatal to her. Yet if he should be only stunned by the blow: Catharine! run, ask for some æther, or *Eau de vie*, or hartshorn,—run, Catharine, run.'

" Catharine set off: I tried to make it open its mouth; my rose-bud was still between its hermeti-

cally sealed teeth; perhaps the collar pressed it; in fact the throat was swelled. I got it off with difficulty; something fell from it at my feet, which I mechanically took up and put into my pocket without looking at; so much was I absorbed in anxiety for the resuscitation. I rubbed him with all my strength; I grew more and more impatient for the return of Catharine. She came with a small phial in her hand, calling out in her usual manner, 'Here, sir, here's the medicine. I never opened my mouth about it to Mademoiselle Amelia; I pity her enough without that.'

"'What is all this, Catharine? where have you seen Mademoiselle Amelia? and what is her affliction if she does not know of her favourite's death?' 'Oh, sir, this is a terrible day for the poor young lady. She was at the end of the street searching for a ring which she had lost, and it was no trifle, but the ring that her dead father had got as a present from the emperor; and worth, they say, more ducats than I have hairs on my head. Her mother lent it her to-day for the party: she has lost it; she knows neither how nor where, and never missed it till she drew off her glove at supper; and, poor soul! the glove was on again in a minute, for fear it should be seen that the ring was wanting, and she slipped out to search for it all along the street, but she has found nothing.'

"It struck me that the substance that had fallen from the sheep's collar had the form of a ring—

could it possibly be? I looked at it; and, judge of my joy, it was Madame de Belmont's ring, and really very beautiful and costly. A secret presentiment whispered to me, that this was a better means of presentation than the rose-tree. I pressed the precious ring to my heart, and to my lips; assured myself that the sheep was really dead; and leaving him stretched near the devastated rose-trees, I ran into the street, dismissed those who were seeking in vain, and stationed myself at my door to await the return of my neighbours. I saw from a distance the flambeau that preceded them, quickly distinguished their voices, and comprehended by them that Amelia had confessed her misfortune. The mother scolded bitterly; the daughter wept, and said, 'Perhaps it may be found.' 'Oh yes, perhaps,'—replied the mother with irritation, 'it is too rich a prize to him who finds it; the emperor gave it to your deceased father on the field when he saved his life; he set more value on it than on all that he possessed besides, and now you have thus flung it away; but the fault is mine for having trusted you with it. For some time back you have seemed quite bewildered.' I heard all this as I followed at some paces behind them; they reached home, and I had the cruelty to prolong, for some moments more, Amelia's mortification. I intended that the treasure should procure me the *entreé* of their dwelling, and I waited till they had got up stairs. I then had myself announced as the bearer of good news; I

was introduced, and respectfully presented the ring to Madame de Belmont; and how delighted seemed Amelia! and how beautifully she brightened in her joy, not alone that the ring was found, but that I was the finder. She cast herself on her mother's bosom, and turning on me her eyes, humid with tears, though beaming with pleasure, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, 'Oh, Sir, what obligation, what gratitude do we not owe to you!'

"'Ah, Mademoiselle,' returned I, 'you know not to whom you address the term gratitude.'—'To one who has conferred on me a great pleasure,' said she. 'To one who has caused you a serious pain,—to the killer of Robin.'

"'You, Sir?—I cannot credit it—why should you do so? You are not so cruel.'

"'No, but I am so unfortunate. It was in opening his collar, which I have also brought to you, that your ring fell on the ground:—you promised a great recompense to him who should find it—I dare to solicit that recompense; grant me my pardon for Robin's death.'

"'And I, Sir, I thank you for it,' exclaimed the mother: 'I never could endure that animal; it took up Amelia's entire time, and wearied me out of all patience with its bleating; if you had not killed it, heaven knows where it might have carried my diamond. But how did it get entangled in the collar? Amelia, pray explain all this.'

"Amelia's heart was agitated; she was as much

grieved that it was I who had killed Robin, as that he was dead.—' Poor Robin,' said she,—drying a tear, ' he was rather too fond of running out; before leaving home, I had put on his collar, that he might not be lost—he had always been brought back to me. The ring must have slipped under his collar. I hastily drew on my glove, and never missed it till I was at supper.'

" ' What good luck was it that he went straight to this gentleman's!' observed the mother.

" ' Yes—for you,' said Amelia; ' he was cruelly received—Was it such a crime, Sir, to enter your door?'

" ' It was night,' I replied; ' I could not distinguish the collar, and I learned, when too late, that the animal belonged to you.'

" ' Thank heaven, then, you did not know it!' cried the mother, ' or where would have been my ring?'

" ' It is necessary at least,' said Amelia, with emotion, ' that I should learn how my favourite could have so cruelly chagrined you.'

" ' Oh, Mademoiselle, he had devoured my hope, my happiness,—a superb rose-tree, about to blow, that I had been long watching, and intended to present—to—to—a person on New-year's day.' Amelia smiled, blushed, extended her lovely hand towards me, and murmured—' all is pardoned.'—' If it had eaten up a rose-tree about to blow,' cried out Madame de Belmont, ' it deserved a thousand

deaths. I would give twenty sheep for a rose-tree in blow.'—'And I am much mistaken,' said Amelia, with the sweetest naïvete, 'if this very rose-tree was not intended for you.'—'For me! you have lost your senses, child; I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman.'—'But he knows your fondness for Roses; I mentioned it one day before him, the only time I ever met him at Madame de S.'s. Is it not true, Sir, that my unfortunate favourite had eaten up my mother's rose-tree?' I acknowledged it, and I related the course of education of my fifty rose-trees.

"Madame de Belmont laughed heartily, and said, 'she owed me a double obligation.'—'Mademoiselle Amelia has given me my recompense for the diamond,' said I to her; 'I claim yours also, Madame.' 'Ask, Sir.'—'Permission to pay my respects sometimes to you!'—'Granted,' replied she, gaily. I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter tenderly, and withdrew. But I returned the next day—and every day—I was received with a kindness that each visit increased—I was looked on as one of the family. It was I who now gave my arm to Madame de Belmont, to conduct her to the evening parties; she presented me as her friend, and they were no longer dull to her daughter. New-year's day arrived. I had gone the evening before to a sheep-fold in the vicinity to purchase a lamb similar to that I had killed. I collected from the different hot-houses all the flowering rose-trees I could find;

the finest of them was for Madame de Belmont; and the Roses of the others were wreathed in a garland round the fleecy neck of the lamb. In the evening I went to my neighbours with my presents.—'Robin and the rose-trees are restored to life,' said I, in offering my homage, which was received with sensibility and gratefulness. 'I also should like to give you a New-year's gift, said Madame de Belmont to me, 'if I knew what you would best like.' 'What I best like—ah, if I only dared to tell you.' 'If it should chance now to be my daughter'—I fell at her feet, and so did Amelia. 'Well,' said the kind parent, 'there then are your New-year's gifts ready found; Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand.' She took the rose-wreath from off the lamb, and twined it round our united hands. And my Amelia," continued the old professor, as he finished his anecdote, passing an arm round his companion as she sat beside him, "my Amelia is still to my eyes as beautiful, and to my heart as dear, as on the day when our hands were bound together with a chain of flowers." Leaving this delightful tale to produce its own effects on your affectionate feelings,

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

" In the mirror of truth, prithee say, is it shown?
Or is it but guess'd by your fancy alone,
That pleasure, true pleasure, can only be known
Sub Rosa?"

Mrs. Spencer.

My dear Anne,

The Rose, as you are aware, is not only the flower of Love, and the emblem of Beauty, but is also considered the symbol of *Secrecy*. A kiss is often taken and allowed " under the Rose." A belief that two young companions have become lovers, is a suspicion whispered " under the Rose." The certainty of arrangements for an intended marriage often transpires " under the Rose;" and whenever I greet the full-blown impression of your exquisitely engraven seal, with its appropriate motto —" *Sub Rosa*," I always anticipate beneath it, if not a poetical kiss or a lover's secret, yet expressions of kindness, and feelings of friendship, which are sacred and inviolate; and for which these letters

on the importance of the Rose must be my feeble return.

The following passage on the above attribute of our favourite flower, is from Brown's curious work on "Vulgar Errors."—"When we desire to confine our words, we commonly say they are spoken under the Rose; which expression is commendable, if the Rose from any naturall propertie may be the symboll of silence, as Nazianzene seems to imply in these translated verses:

> "*Utque latet Rosa Verna suo putamine clausu*
> *Sic os vincla ferat, validisque arctetur habenis,*
> *Indicatque suis prolixa Silentia labris,*

and is also tolerable, if by desiring a secrecy to words spoke under the Rose, we only mean in society and compotation, from the antient custome in Symposiacke meetings, to wear chaplets of Roses about their heads; and so we condemn not the Germane custome, which over the table, describeth a Rose in the seeling; but more considerable it is, if the original were such as Lemnius and others have recorded; that the Rose was the flower of Venus, which Cupid consecrated unto Harpocrates the God of Silence, and was therefore an emblem thereof, as is declared in this tetrastic:

> "*Est Rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo facta laterent*
> *Harpocrati matris, dona dicavit Amor;*
> *Inde Rosam mensis hospis suspendit Amicis,*
> *Convivæ ut sub eâ dicta tacenda sciant.*"

I have somewhere seen the following lines given as a translation of the foregoing, although they are rather a paraphrase :

" The Rose is Venus' pride ;—the archer boy
Gave to Harpocrates his mother's flower,
What time fond lovers told the tender joy—
To guard with sacred secrecy the hour :
Hence, o'er his festive board the host uphung
Love's flower of silence, to remind each guest,
When wine to amorous sallies loosed the tongue,
Under the Rose what pass'd, must never be express'd."

Happy are we, my dear friend, who live under the auspices of a different state of society; when instead of hanging up the Rose as the guardian of bacchanalian revelry, we introduce the fair sex as a rational and effectual check upon that licence of speech, which the influence of wine has so falsely been supposed to justify.

It appears to have been with reference to this attribute of secrecy, that the Rose was adopted not only as a part of the blazon on the arms, but likewise as a cognominal designation of the fraternity of the *Rosycrucians*, a sect of philosophers which appeared in Germany about 1614, and presently spread themselves through most of the countries of Europe, and out of which has sprung the present system of Freemasonry. The opinion that the *Rose* was assumed as the symbol of secrecy, and the *cross* to represent the solemnity of the oath by which the

vow of secrecy was ratified, is defended by a writer of authority on the subject. Against this presumption, however, it is argued that the armorial bearings of the family of John Valentine Andreä, a celebrated theologian of Wirtemberg, were *a St. Andrew's cross, and four Roses;* which Andreä is suspected of having fabricated the legend of Father Rosycross, out of which originated this celebrated order. I ought to apologize for such a seemingly *unfeminine* digression; but I wish you to know, my fair friend, that these were the men so long famed for their occult studies in the pursuit of some imagined universal panacea—or elixir vitæ; and also of that wonderful transmuter of all inferior metals into gold—the philosopher's stone. These foolish pursuits, which in the sixteenth century made such a noise, even in England, are now exploded: and no doubt many individuals, whose gold by the processes of alchemy had been turned into dross in the crucible, would derive much consolation from the doctrine of the following paragraph from one of the writers of the sect:—"It is a very childish objection that the brotherhood have promised so much, and performed so little. With them, as elsewhere, many are called but few chosen; the masters of the order hold out the *Rose* [the secret] as a remote prize, but they impose the *cross* [the labour] on those who are entering." Among other curious notions, they held that the principle which determined the shape of animals and vegetables when they became organized,

was incipient in certain salts, to be obtained from the ashes of similar bodies! Sir Kenelm Digby has left a recipe for producing cray-fish after this fashion; and the celebrated Kircher is said to have exhibited in his museum, a phial hermetically sealed, containing *a Rose*, the product of such a lixivium.

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XV.

" Thus having told you how the bridegroom Thame was drest,
I'll show you how the bride fair Isis they invest;
Sitting to be attired under a bower of state,
Which scorns a meaner sort than fits a princely rate;
In anadems for whom they curiously dispose
The red, the dainty white, the goodly damask Rose,
For the rich ruby, pearl, and amethyst men place
In kings' imperial crowns, the circle that embrace."

Drayton's Poly Olbion.

My dear Anne,

In this letter, I present you with a bouquet of poetical Roses, culled from the works of the earlier British poets, chiefly those who flourished from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries inclusive. As you may not be familiar with the names alluded to, I shall introduce the composition of each, with a brief notice of its author: and these remarks you may consider, my dear friend, either as the foliage, or the stems of the Roses which they accompany.

My first flower is from the garden of Sir John Davies, who, in 1592, dedicated his poem, on the

"Immortality of the Soul," to Queen Elizabeth: but the following is from a series of twenty-six compositions, entitled, "*Hymns of Astrea;*" all of which exhibit, in their initial letters of each line, ELISA-BETHA REGINA; this acrostical flower, therefore, you must reverence as a *royal Rose*.

TO THE ROSE.

"*E* ye of the garden, queen of flowers,
L ove's cup wherein lie nect'rous powers,
I ngender'd first of nectar:
S weet nurse-child of the Spring's young hours,
A nd beauty's fair character.

B less'd jewel that the earth doth wear,
E 'en when the brave young sun draws near,
T o her hot love pretending;
H imself likewise like form doth bear,
A t rising and descending.

R ose of the queen of love belov'd;
E ngland's great kings divinely mov'd,
G ave Roses in their banner;
I t show'd that beauty's Rose indeed,
N ow in this age should them succeed,
A nd reign in more sweet manner."

Thomas Carew was an elegant poet, who lived in the reign of Charles I., to whose fortunes he adhered; he was one of the first in whom we find gallantry and the graces united. His poems, chiefly

short pieces, were highly valued by his contemporaries: his longest production is "Cœlum Britannicum," a masque, performed in the banqueting house at Whitehall: and you may perhaps be surprised to learn, that the masquers on this occasion were *the King's Majesty*, one duke, four earls, one viscount, and eleven lords, besides several noblemen's sons! He was an admirer of our favourite flower, as witness this posey of

RED AND WHITE ROSES.

"Read in these Roses the sad story
Of my hard fate and your own glory;
In the white you may discover
The paleness of a fainting lover;
In the red, the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
The white will tell you how I languish,
And the red express my anguish:
The white my innocence displaying,
The red my martyrdom betraying.
The frowns that on your brow resided,
Have those Roses thus divided;
Oh! let your smiles but clear the weather,
And they both shall grow together."

You may think the conceits forced enough in the above, but what do you think of the affectation and hyperbole of the following lines from the same author?

ON A DAMASK ROSE,

Sticking upon a Lady's Breast.

" Let pride grow big, my Rose, and let the clear
And damask colour of thy leaves appear.
Let scent and looks be sweet, and bless that hand
That did transplant thee to that sacred land.
O happy thou, that in that garden rests;
That paradise between that lady's breasts:
There's an eternal spring; there shalt thou lie,
Betwixt two lilly mounts, and never die:
There shalt thou spring among the fertile vallies,
By buds like thee, that grow in 'midst of allies,
There none dare pluck thee, for that place is such,
That but a god divine there's none dare touch;
If any but approach, straight doth arise,
A blushing lightning flash, and blights his eyes.
There, 'stead of rain, shall living fountains flow;
For wind, her fragrant breath for ever blow.
Nor now, as erst, one sun shall on thee shine,
But those two glorious suns, her eyes divine.
O then, what monarch would not think't a grace,
To leave his regal throne to have thy place?
Myself, to gain thy blessed seat, do vow,
Would be transform'd into a Rose as thou."

William Drummond, a Scotch poet, generally called *Drummond of Hawthornden,* was of gentle extraction, and, like Carew, involved in the fortunes of the unfortunate Charles, whose execution is said to have hastened the end of our poet. He is a very pleasing writer, and not only in his " Flowers of

Zion," and "Divine Poems," but in his miscellaneous pieces, he is freer from indelicate allusions than many others of his age. He has this madrigal on the Rose:

"Sweet Rose, whence is this hue
Which doth all hues excell?
Whence this most fragrant smell?
And whence this form and gracing grace in you?
In fair Pæstana's fields perhaps you grew,
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Imolus, or where boar young Adon slew;
Or hath the queen of love you dyed of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look so red?
No, none of those, but cause more nigh you bliss'd,
My lady's breast you bore, her lips you kiss'd."

From the same.

THE ROSE.

"Flower, which of Adon's blood
Sprang, when of that clear flood,
Which Venus wept, another white was born,
The sweet Cynarean youth thou lively shows;
But this sharp-pointed thorn,
So proud about thy crimson fold that grows,
What doth it represent?
Boar's teeth, perhaps, his milk-white flank which rent.
O show in one of unesteemed worth,
That both the kill'd and killer setteth forth."

These lines have an allusion to the first Idyllium of Bion, "on the death of Adonis:" from whose blood that sweet singer of Sicily represents the Rose to have sprang. Fawkes's translation of the passage runs thus:

"As many drops of blood, as from the wound
Of fair Adonis trickled on the ground,
So many tears she [*Venus*] shed in copious showers:
Both tears and drops of blood were turn'd to flowers,
From these in crimson beauty sprung the Rose
Cerulean—bright anemonies from those."

Ovid, in his Metamorphoses, says, that anemonies, and not Roses, sprung from the blood of Adonis.

William Habington was born in 1605, and, like the preceding, was a poet and a lover. His amatory effusions are tender and elegant, and still freer from indelicacies than the productions of the previously mentioned bards. His poems, in three parts, are entitled Castara, by which epithet he designates the lady of his love, who was daughter to Lord Powis, and grandaughter to Henry Percy, eighth earl of Northumberland. He addresses the following verses

TO ROSES,

In the Bosome of Castara.

"Yee blushing virgins happie are
In the chaste nunn'ry of her breasts,
For hee'd prophane so chaste a faire,
Who ere shall call them Cupid's nests.

" Transplanted thus, how bright yee grow,
How rich a perfume doe yee yeild!
In some close garden, cowslips so
Are sweeter than i' th' open field.

" In those white cloysters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each houre more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death.

" Then that which living gave you roome,
Your glorious sepulcher shall be;
There wants no marble for a tomb,
Whose breast hath marble beene to me."

A modern edition of the *Castara* has been published by Mr. Elton, who gives, in a note, the following elegant verses, from Bernard:

" Nurs'd by the zephyr's balmy sighs,
And cherish'd by the tears of morn,
O Queen of flowers! awake! arise!
O haste, delicious Rose, be born!

" Unheeding wish! no, yet awhile,
Be yet awhile thy dawn delay'd;
Since the same hour that sees thee smile
In orient bloom, shall see thee fade.

" Themira thus, an op'ning flower,
Must withering droop at fate's decree;
Like her thou bloom'st thy little hour,
And she, alas! must fade like thee.

" Yet go, and on her bosom die,
At once, blest Rose, thy throne and tomb;
While envious heaves my secret sigh,
To share with thee so sweet a doom.

" Love shall thy graceful bent advise,
Thy blushing, trem'lous leaves reveal;
Go, bright, yet hurtless, charm her eyes;
Go, deck her bosom, not conceal.

" Should some bold hand invade thee there,
From Love's asylum rudely torn;
Oh, Rose! a lover's vengeance bear,
And let my rival feel thy thorn."

Milton, whose partiality to this flower was no doubt considerable, frequently mentions it, not only in *Paradise Lost*, but also in his smaller pieces. In that fragment, entitled *Arcades*, he makes the *Genius of the Wood* address the nymphs thus:

" And ye, *the breathing roses of the wood*,
Fair silver buskind nymphs, as great and good;
I know this quest of yours, and free intent,
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom, with low rev'rence, I adore as mine." &c.

And in the most exquisite pastoral monody ever written, he does not neglect to name the " musk-rose" in the catalogue of flowers, which he invokes the vales to contribute,

" To strew the laureate herse where Lycid lies."

The following very pretty song is from "the tuneful Waller," as he has generally been called, and who lived during the reigns of James I., Charles I., Cromwell, and Charles II. Gaiety and elegance of thought, united with harmony of versification, characterizes his poetry.

"Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

"Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In desarts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

"Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

"Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Carew, whom I have before mentioned, selects the fugaciousness of the Rose to enforce a similar exhortation:

"The faded Rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves;
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
O then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither."

In like manner, exhorting the importance of *carpe diem*, singeth Daniel, another early English poet, in the following very clever Sonnet. Love is fickle and fastidious, and beauty transitory as youth; it is therefore not without reason that the poets recommend the ingenuous maiden to love while she is "lovely and beloved."

"Look, Delia, how we 'steem the half-blown Rose,
The image of thy blush, and Summer's honour;
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That fall of beauty time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fair;
So fade the Roses of those cheeks of thine.

No April can revive thy wither'd flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now;
Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow:
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
But love now, while thou may'st be lov'd again."

I shall conclude this letter with a short quotation from Dryden's "Palamon and Arcite," and which exhibits the only distinct allusion to the Rose which I can recollect, from the numerous works of this vigorous poet.

"At every turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand,
To draw the Rose; and every Rose she drew,
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew;
Then party-colour'd flowers of white and red,
She wove, to make a garland for her head."

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XVI.

"I deem the Rose the nightingale of flowers!"

My dear Anne,

It is impossible to mention Persia, without recalling ideas of Love, Roses, and Nightingales! And although the gorgeous and voluptuous pictures which travellers have drawn of this country, exist in our minds rather as akin to the pleasing delusions of our dreams, than to the images of our waking recollections,—still we turn with willing attention our thoughts to a country so peculiarly interesting:

"To those romantic regions of the Sun"—

To a country which has been selected by some—not without reason—as the scite of primeval paradise; and which is now emphatically *paradise lost!* It is still a garden where nature revels in the most unbounded luxuriance; but where man is fallen

indeed—where he is held in the most abject mental bondage; his chains, it is true, are wreathed with flowers, and his prison house vocal with the song of birds; but they *are* chains, and he is *still* a prisoner; and remote indeed does the period appear when he shall be emancipated from this vassalage and spiritual darkness, into the freedom and light of the everlasting gospel. The Gheber fire-worshipper of Persia, and the Arabian follower of Mahomet, must, however, be brought into the way of truth, and some first-fruits have already appeared, one of which is celebrated in Mr. Montgomery's beautiful poem of "Abdallah and Sabat," which, you will recollect, we read with so much interest, and which I now mention for the purpose of reminding you of the couplet in which he has recognised the triple alliance mentioned at the beginning of this letter:

> "Where the soft Persian maid the breath inhales
> Of love-sick Roses wooed by nightingales."

The Persian poets abound with allusions to the affection which is feigned to subsist between the nightingale and the Rose; and Lady Mary Wortley Montague gives the following introductory lines, in one of her letters from the East:—

> "The *nightingale* now wanders among the vines;
> His passion is to seek *Roses*."

I shall therefore, my dear Anne, devote this letter to the selection of a few instances for your amusement, of the poetical allusions to this elegant fiction. The following singular creation of an ideal being, is from the fertile genius of Dr. Darwin:

" So when the nightingale in eastern bowers
On quivering pinions woos the queen of flowers,
Inhales her fragrance as he hangs in air,
And melts with melody the blushing fair;
Half Rose, half bird, a beauteous monster springs,
Waves his thin leaves, and claps his glossy wings;
Long horrent thorns his mossy legs surround,
And tendril-talons root him to the ground,
Green films of rind his wrinkled neck o'erspread,
And crimson petals crest his curled head;
Soft warbling beaks in each bright blossom move,
And *vocal rose-buds* fill th' enchanted grove.
Admiring evening stays her beamy star,
And still Night listens from his ebon car;
While on white wings descending houris throng,
And drink the floods of odour and of song."

It was an hyperbolical compliment, which the Greeks used to pay to some of their most flowery orators, to say, that they "spoke Roses!" With much greater propriety of metaphor do the orientals compare their poets to the celebrated bird in question: Hafez, especially, is constantly called the "Persian Nightingale;" and the following extract from the eighth volume of "Time's Telescope," will give you some idea of his style, and refers moreover to the

fiction before mentioned: "Hafez, speaking of our eagerness to enjoy the pleasures of the Spring, beautifully observes, *We drop, like nightingales, into the nest of the Rose.* Again, in his Seventh Ode, he says, 'O Hafez, thou desirest, like the *nightingales*, the presence of the *Rose:* let thy very soul be a ransom for the earth, where the keeper of the *rose-garden* walks!' In the Eighth Ode, also, we have the following:—

"'The youthful season's wonted bloom
Renews the beauty of each bower,
And to the *sweet-song'd bird* is come
Glad welcome from *its darling flower.*'

In the sixth stanza of the Ninth Ode, the bard again alludes to this favourite fiction, which, literally translated, would stand thus:—'When the Rose rides in the air, like Solomon, the bird of morn comes forth with the melody of David.' In Ode XIII. on the return of Spring, we are presented with the following beautiful stanza on the same subject:—

"'The *love-struck nightingale's* delightful strain,
The lark's resounding note are heard again;
Again the *Rose,* to hail Spring's festive day,
From the *cold house of sorrow* hastes away.'

"In the delicious garden of Negauristan, the eye and the smell are not the only senses regaled by the presence of the Rose. The ear is enchanted by the

wild and beautiful notes of multitudes of nightingales, whose warblings seem to increase in melody and softness, with the unfolding of their favourite flowers; verifying the song of their poet, who says: 'When the Roses fade, when the charms of the bower are passed away, the fond tale of the nightingale no longer animates the scene.'"

There is a beautiful little elegy and air composed by a gentleman of Sheffield, I believe, on occasion of the death of the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales, which turns upon the fiction before us:—

"When first the glooms of wrath o'erspread,
In Eden's bowers, each blissful scene;
When first in death declined her head
The virgin Rose, the garden's queen;
'Twas then that to the naked thorn,
The nightingale her bosom prest,
'Twas then the song became so lorn,
That trembled from her bleeding breast.

"Such was our fate—such are our woes;
(Ah! what can e'er those woes beguile;)
Our gem of hope! our regal Rose!
The bud and blossom of our Isle;
Each faded on its death-bed lies!
And though they bloom in bowers divine;
Yet still, each weeping Briton cries,
The thorn—the thorn alone is mine!"

The conceit of the nightingale leaning her bosom against a thorn, while pouring forth her mournful

strains, is a very old conceit, and is thus quaintly noticed by Sir Philip Sydney :—

" The *nightingale*, as soon as April bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late base earth, proud of new clothing springeth,
Sings out her woes, *a thorn her song-book making;*
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expresseth
What grief her breast oppresseth."

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XVII.

" ——— There the Rose unveils
Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
O'the season comes in turn to bloom and perish."

My dear Anne,

In my last letter, I cited some of the allusions made by oriental, and other poets, to that beautiful fiction, which represents the nightingale as being enamoured of the Rose. I shall now return to our favourite flower, denominated, by Sir J. Davis, the

" Eye of the garden, queen of flowers,
Love's cup, wherein lie nect'rous powers,
Ingender'd first of nectar,
Sweet nurse-child of the Spring's young hours,
And beauty's fair character."

" In no country of the world," says the compiler of Time's Telescope for 1822, " does the Rose grow in such perfection as in *Persia;* and in no

country is it so cultivated and prized by the natives. It is often alluded to by Hafez, in his beautiful Odes."

"When the young *Rose*, in crimson gay,
Expands her beauties to the day,
And foliage fresh her leafless boughs o'erspread;
In homage to her sov'reign power,
Bright regent of each subject flower,
Low at her feet the *violet* bends its head."

Hafez, by Nott, Ode IX.

"See, where the *Rose* and Spring to mirth awake!
So cheerful looks the *Rose*, 'twere wisdom's part
To tear the root of sorrow from the heart.

"Soft comes the morning wind; the wanton *Rose*
Bursts from its cup, to kiss the gale that blows;
Its silken garment wounds in tender play,
And leaves its body naked to the day."

Ode XIV.

"O cease with delight to survey the proud *Rose*,
Whose soft leaves must too soon feel decay;
For ah! the dark wind, as it churlishly blows,
At our feet all its honours shall lay."

Ode XVI.

The garden of *Negauristan*, a palace belonging to the king of Persia, is described, by Sir R. K. Porter, in his recent Travels (vol. i. p. 337), to abound with the most beautiful *Rose-trees*. He there saw two plants, *full fourteen feet high*,

laden with thousands of flowers, in every degree of expansion, and of a bloom and delicacy of scent, that imbued the whole atmosphere with the most exquisite perfume. The gardens and courts of the Persians are crowded with its plants; their rooms ornamented with vases, filled with its gathered bunches; and every bath strewn with the full-blown flowers, plucked from the ever-replenished stems:

> 'And as the *parent Rose* decays and dies,
> The infant buds with brighter colours rise,
> And with fresh sweets the mother's scent supplies.'

Even the humblest individual, who pays a piece of copper money for a few whifs of a *kalioun*, feels a double enjoyment when he finds it stuck with a bud from his dear native tree!"

You have often heard the expression, "*a bed of Roses*," applied to the luxury and comforts of various individuals. However that may be metaphorically true of the holders of sinecures, &c. in this country, it is literally true that beds of Roses are not uncommon in the East; the Roses of Jinan Nile, or Garden of the Nile, attached to the Emperor of Morocco's Palace, are unequalled, and mattrasses are made of the leaves for men of rank to recline upon. Mrs. Spencer, in her little volume, entitled "Pensive Pleasures," has a poem on "Rose-leaves," in which she says she has alluded to the effects their influence might be supposed to have upon different individuals, who slept upon them.

Beds of Roses, however, are not always comfortable; the wicked often find thorns, and the voluptuous need none, to make them uneasy. You recollect the famous illustration of the latter fact, in the story of the effeminate Sybarite, who could not sleep upon his bed, because its Rose-leaves were crumpled under him!

Of this charming flower, which is such an universal favourite in the East, there are many splendid varieties. "*The Rose of Kashmire*" has long been proverbial for the brilliancy of its colour and the delicacy of its odour. Indeed, my dear Anne, I am told that it is impossible for us, in this northern climate, to conceive of the exquisite fragrancy of this flower, as it is diffused through the faëry bowers of an oriental garden. Such is the almost idolatrous admiration of the Rose, that, in some parts of Asia, a feast is annually held during the whole time that it is in bloom. To this circumstance, recorded by Pietro de la Valle, Moore alludes, in his "Lalla Rookh."

"With quicker spread each heart uncloses,
And all is ecstacy, for now
The valley holds its 'Feast of Roses;'
That joyous time, when pleasures pour
Profusely round, and in their shower
Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,—
The floweret of a hundred leaves
Expanding, while the dew-fall flows,
And every leaf its balm receives."

And Southey, in his "Wild and Wondrous Song" of "Thalaba," amidst his description of an Asiatic garden, observes, that there

"——— the Rose expands
Her *paradise of leaves.*

You must not however imagine, my dear Anne, that fêtes celebrated in allusion to the Rose have been confined to the East. Madame de Genlis has written a comedy, in two acts, celebrating "The Queen of the Rose of Salençy."—"In Salençy, a small village in Picardy," says the author of The Philosophy of Nature, "there still remains an interesting and a highly useful and moral custom; it is called the 'Festival of the Rose.' On a certain day of every year, the young women of the village assemble. After a solemn trial, before competent judges, that young woman who has conducted herself the most discreetly, and gives the most affecting proofs of the general innocence and simplicity of her character, is decorated with a crown, which thenceforward becomes an object of pride to all her family. The crown is *a hat covered with Roses.* It frequently constitutes the whole wealth of the wearer; but the instances are far from unfrequent, in which it has been esteemed the most honourable recommendation to a wealthy suitor. This custom was instituted by St. Medard, in the fifth century: he was sole proprietor of the village,

and his sister the fortunate winner of the original prize. To the time of the Revolution, this festival was observed with all the circumstances of preparation and solemnity, that marked its primary institution thirteen centuries before." It is recorded that Louis XIII. dispatched the Marquis de Gordes from Varennes to Salençy, with presents of a blue ribbon and a silver ring, for the Queen of the Rose; and in 1766, Mons. Morfontanie made a settlement of 120 livres upon the annual winner of the Roses.

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

"'Why there now, the fellow has attempted to paint a fly upon that Rose-bud; why it's no more like a fly than I am like an a— a—.' But as the connoisseur approached his finger to the picture, the fly flew away! his eyes are half closed,—this is called 'the wise man's wink.'"

G. A. Stevens.

My dear Anne,

We live in an age which is happily exempt from most of those superstitious ceremonies which used to be practised on particular days by our forefathers. Some of these, it is true, were very picturesque and harmless; others absurd and ridiculous, and often profane and injurious: and however much, in general, they may be more honoured now in the breach than by the observance, still it is pleasing to recall to our imaginations some of those peculiar practices of bye-gone times, which constituted, as it were, the poetry and the romance of common life.

Among the more harmless of their interesting rites was the practice of *gathering the Rose on Midsummer-eve*, which custom is alluded to in

No. 56 of the Connoisseur. "Our maid Betty tells me," says the writer, "that if I go backwards, without speaking a word, into the garden, upon Midsummer-eve, and gather a Rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it, till Christmas-day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out." To this pleasing conceit, respecting "the virgin-fancied flower," there is an allusion, with some difference of circumstances, in the poem of the "Cottage Girl."

> "The moss-rose that, at fall of dew,
> (Ere eve its duskier curtain drew)
> Was freshly gather'd from its stem,
> She values as the ruby gem;
> And guarded from the piercing air,
> With all an anxious lover's care,
> She bids it, for her shepherd's sake,
> Await the new-year's frolic wake.
> When faded, in its alter'd hue
> She reads the rustic is untrue!
> But if its leaves the crimson paint,
> Her sick'ning hopes no longer faint;
> The Rose upon her bosom worn,
> She meets him at the peep of dawn."

I know, my dear Anne, you will be pleased with the above lines, and the custom to which they allude: the following elegant verses, by S. T. Coleridge, are of another class. You must give my

love to sister Sarah, and tell her, that as the poet wrote them for her name-sake, so I transcribe them *for*, and present them *to* her.

THE ROSE.

" As late each flower that sweetest blows,
I pluck'd the garden's pride!
Within the petals of a Rose
A sleeping love I spied.

" Around his brows a beaming wreath,
Of many a lucid hue;
All purple glow'd his cheek beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

" I softly seiz'd th' unguarded power,
Nor scar'd his balmy rest;
And plac'd him cag'd within the flower,
On spotless *Sarah's* breast.

" But when, unweening of the guile,
Awoke the pris'ner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile,
And stamp'd his fairy feet.

" Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued th' impatient boy;
He gaz'd, he thrill'd, with deep delight,
Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

" ' And oh!' he cried, ' of magic kind,
What charms this throne endear!
Some other love let Venus find,
I'll fix *my* empire here.' "

The Rose, however, as Miss Sarah knows, is destined soon to wither, even when placed upon the fairest bosom, as well as when left on the bush:

" But as the parent Rose decays and dies,
The infant buds with brighter colours rise,
And with fresh sweets the mother's scent supplies."

This, my dear Anne, is obvious to common observers; but perhaps you might not be aware that even the imagination of a poet had celebrated the " funeral rites of the Rose;" but Herrick has actually done it, and a sweet fiction he has exhibited.

" The Rose was sick, and smiling died,
And being to be sanctified,
About the bed there sighing stood
The sweet and flow'ry sisterhood.
Some hung the head, while some did bring,
To wash her, water from the spring;
Some laid her forth, while others wept;
But all a solemn fast there kept.
The holy sisters, some among
The sacred dirge and trental sung;
But ah, what sweets smelt everywhere,
As heaven had spent all perfumes there!
At last, when prayers for the dead,
And rites were all accomplished;
They, weeping, spread a lawny loom,
And clos'd her up as in a tomb."

I shall now devote the remainder of this letter to the transcript of a smartly written and neatly turned "Fable," from Cunningham, whom you may perhaps recollect from his "Elegy on a Pile of Ruins," but certainly from his "Day, a Pastoral," which I have often heard you recite in our rambles.

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY.

"At day's early dawn, a gay Butterfly spied
A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his bride;
She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
And tenderly told him—he need not despair.

"Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers would do;
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.
It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
For the bloom of a Rose passes quickly away,
And the pride of a Butterfly dies in a day.

"When wedded, away the young gentleman hies,
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;
Nor did he revisit his bride, till the sun
Had less than one fourth of his journey to run.

"The Rose thus reproach'd him—'Already so cold;
How feign'd, O you false one, the passion you told!
'Tis an age since you left me'—she meant a few hours,
But such we'll suppose the fond language of flowers.
'I saw when you gave the base vi'let a kiss:
How, how could you stoop to a meanness like this?
Shall a low little wretch, whom we Roses despise,
Find favour, O love, in my Butterfly's eyes?
On a tulip quite tawdry I saw your fond rape;
Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape:

Dull daffodils too were with ardour address'd;
And poppies, ill scented, you kindly caress'd.'
" The coxcomb was piqu'd, and replied with a sneer,
' That you're first to complain I commend you, my dear;
But know from your conduct my maxims I drew,
And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.
I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms;
I saw how you simper'd and smil'd in his arms;
The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown;
You favour'd besides—Oh dishonour!—a drone:
Yet worse—'tis a crime that you must not deny,
Your sweets were made common, false Rose, to a Fly.'

" MORAL.

" This law long ago did Love's providence make,
That every coquet should be curs'd with a rake."

Whatever may be the justice or the extent of the retribution asserted in this moral, it is pretty certain that the flower in the apologue was not guilty to the extent alleged by her husband, the beau butterfly, whom prejudice, rather than evidence, seems to have influenced. He had perhaps listened to the elegant scandal of our poet respecting a similar transaction, deposed in the following lines:

" From the West as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;
And the bee steals a kiss from the Rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine."

Be that as it may, I believe the Rose to have been guiltless of any gallantries with the "honey-bee" or the "drone," who would know, either from instinct or experience, that the Rose might caress them with fragrance, but would not reward them with honey. The Rose is also exquisitely upbraided in the following lines from the London Magazine:

"Waken, O Rose! O fragrant-breasted Rose!
Thou ever-blushing maiden of the field!
Are thy love-dreams so sweet thou fear'st to wake?
Oh! thou young shrewd one! thou dost keep thy breast
Close for yon travelling bee, whose sylvan hum
Taketh thine amorous ear. Thou smilest—aye—
But blush still deeper as you smile."

Now let us hear the evidence of Hurdis on this indictment:

"But why, sweet traveller, whose eager lip
Delights to visit the bloom-sprinkled branch,
And leave a kiss upon its every flower,
Why scorns it to salute the beauteous Rose,
And greets his sweet bud never? Partial bird,
Has May alone thy love? and spreads in vain
June the sweet treasures of her flow'ry lap?
Why else untouch'd upon its thorny stem
Hangs the *pale* Rose unfolding, and the *red?*"

Now, my dear Anne, what think you of the charge against the honey-bee and the Rose—guilty, or not guilty? Hurdis contemplated nature in her minute operations, the others perused her in books.

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIX.

"This Rose which bloom'd so fair with thee,
Alas! has withered with me;—
I nurs'd it with a watchful eye,
Yet spite of all, my flower must die;
And thus through life's uncertain day,
Will all we value fade away." *Anon.*

My dear Anne,

Whatever extends or diversifies our sources of innocent and profitable recreation, is valuable and desirable; and nothing conduces more delightfully and effectually to this, than the facilities afforded by poetry—when the handmaid of piety—for multiplying those associations of feeling, with which we think upon, or behold the beauties of creation. This is more especially the case with the amiable part of your sex, when connected with the contemplation of flowers. Our first parents were placed in a *garden* "to keep it;" and *Eden*, the name of that garden, signifies *pleasure;* and Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," has innumerable passages of exquisite beauty on this subject, in which he introduces the rarities of the vegetable kingdom,

and particularly represents the employment of Eve to be the tending and training of the flowers of the garden. These passages, my dear Anne, you will easily recall to memory, because I know you are conversant with the beauties of this immortal poem; you will also recollect the honourable distinction which the poet confers upon our favourite flower, when describing the nuptial bower of the first pair; whose

> ——— "flowery roof
> Showered Roses, which the morn repair'd."

The Rose is used in Holy Scripture as a metaphor, and as a similitude in the most interesting and dignified sense. In the first instance, Jesus Christ is generally considered to be designated by "The Rose of Sharon;" and, in the second, when the sacred penman would represent the glories of his reign on earth, he says, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the Rose." And Virgil in his Pollio, which is thought to have reference to the same glorious consummation, asserts, that in this era of felicity

> "Each common bush, shall Syrian Roses bear."

Of the merely imaginative poets who have celebrated the Rose, these letters will record a considerable number, as well as of the effusions of the

more pious members of the poetical fraternity; but grave divines as well as poets have not thought it beneath them to illustrate their subjects by referring to this flower which is so apt an emblem of mortality. "Those," says Dr. Smith, "who have ever gathered a Rose, know, but too well, how soon it withers; and the familiar application of its fate to that of human life and beauty, is not more striking to the imagination than philosophically and literally true." Listen to Jeremy Taylor, who might be called the Shakspeare of divines—"So have I seen a Rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced upon its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces."

I will not forego the pleasure of transcribing here, the exquisitely simple lines of Dr. Watts on "The Rose." These lines, my dear Anne, are laid up among the first and dearest of our poetical recollections, and so far from being less esteemed because common and familiar, they are on that account the more valuable, and like the flower which they celebrate, never present themselves without an assurance of sweetness.

" How fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flower!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

" Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

" So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the Rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

" Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent, like a Rose, when I'm dead."

The pious Hervey, in his " Reflections on a Flower Garden," has not forgotten or neglected the Rose. " To a graceful shape and blooming complexion," says our author, " the Rose adds the most agreeable perfume. Our nostrils make it repeated visits, and are never weary of drinking in its sweets. A fragrance so peculiarly rich and reviving, transpires from its opening tufts, that every one covets its acquaintance. How have I seen even the accomplished Clarissa, for whom so many votaries languish, fondly caressing this little flower; that lovely

bosom which is the seat of innocence and virtue; whose least excellency it is to rival the delicacy of the purest snows; among a thousand charms of its own, thinks it possible to adopt another from the damask rose-bud. Yet even this universal favourite must fail; its native balm cannot preserve it from putrefaction. Soon, soon, must it resign all those endearing qualities, and hang neglected on its stem, or drop despised to the ground."

As this letter, my dear Anne, consists chiefly of pious allusions to our favourite flower, it would be equally improper and impossible to neglect the beautiful stanzas of Cowper, which we have so often repeated and admired, on the Rose which Mrs. Unwin presented to Lady Austen:

" The Rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

" The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

" I hastily seized it, unfit as it was,
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

" And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind ;
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow resign'd.

" This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile."

There are some circumstances connected with the history of the foregoing little poem, which will interest you. In the first place it is the record of a real transaction, and not a fiction of poetry: in a letter to the Rev. W. Unwin, dated Feb. 7, 1785, Cowper says, " In the last Gentleman's Magazine my Poplar Field appears. I have accordingly sent up two pieces more, a latin translation of it, which you have never seen, and another on a Rose-bud, the neck of which I inadvertently broke, which whether you have seen or not, I know not." The little poem became a favourite in various circles where its author was not known; and a certain female, presuming on this circumstance, had the temerity to appropriate it as her production, and might, perhaps, have done so with impunity, but for Lady Hesketh, who knew the verses and detected the fraud, at the same time informing the poet of the circumstance. To this beloved relative, Cowper writes from " the Lodge," Jan. 8, 1787, in which letter he says, " I could pity

the poor woman, who has been weak enough to claim my song. Such pilferings are sure to be detected. I wrote it, I know not how long, but I suppose four years ago. The Rose in question, was a Rose given to Lady Austen by Mrs. Unwin, and the incident that suggested the subject, occurred in the room in which you slept at the vicarage, which Lady Austen made her dining room. Some time since, Mr. Bull going to London, I gave him a copy of it, which he undertook to convey to Nichols, the printer of the Gentleman's Magazine. He shewed it to a Mrs. C——, who begged a copy of it, and promised to send it to the printer by her servant. Three or four months afterwards, and when I had concluded that it was lost, I saw it in the Gentleman's Magazine, with my signature W. C. Poor simpleton! she will find now that the Rose had a thorn, and that she has pricked her finger with it. Adieu, my beloved cousin."——Allow me to conclude this letter to you, with echoing the conclusion of the amiable poet's epistle.

Adieu! my beloved Friend.

LETTER XX.

" Now seen with love-lorn lilies weeping,
Now with a blushing rose bud sleeping;
While fays from forth their chambers peeping,
Cry, O rare!" *Leftley.*

My dear Anne,

Whatever concerns the name, the writings, or the memory of Cowper, is interesting to me, and, I believe, to you also. I concluded my last letter with an extract from one of the poet's epistles to Lady Hesketh. I now introduce you to another cousin of the amiable bard—Mrs. Thompson of Doncaster. This lady is the daughter of Dr. Madan, the friend and correspondent of Cowper; but, probably, better known to you as the composer of the fine music accompanying Dr. Watts's solemn hymn, beginning, " Before Jehovah's awful throne," which I know to be a favourite piece of yours. Mrs. Thompson has published anonymously, besides smaller pieces, a volume of poetry, which reflects

no discredit on her relationship to the bard of Weston; and as he declares in his "Winter Nosegay," that

> "The charms of the late-blowing Rose
> Seem'd grac'd with a livelier hue,"

in consequence of the affection of Mrs. Unwin, so also do the following lines derive additional interest from the fact of their having been written by *the cousin of Cowper.*

ON FINDING A WITHERED BUD UPON A FAVOURITE ROSE-TREE.

"Pride of that favourite bush my fancy chose,
As the sweet promise of its fairest Rose!
How art thou chang'd, though my assiduous toil,
From each encroaching weed preserv'd thy soil;
Would pleas'd observe thy infant folds assume
The gradual blush, the delicate perfume;
The glittering insect's hasty wing would chase,
And prune thy leaf from all their embryo race.
Yet, ere maturer sweets my hopes repaid,
Those hopes are vanish'd and those sweets decay'd.
Haply a prey to some unpitying storm,
Perchance a banquet to the lurking worm,
That inly canker'd what appear'd so fair,
To mock my wishes and defeat my care.
Ah! could a wish revive that fragrant scent,
Those lovely tints, indulgent nature lent,

How soon those faded beauties should return,
Which once I cherish'd, now can only mourn :
Can only to a faithless world compare,
Whose smiles betray, whose promises ensnare;
Or to that fragile, that precarious thread,
Which yet withholds me from the silent dead.
Should we then trust that world's delusive power,
On youth depend, less certain than a flower?
Alas! let such as have presumed to try,
From sad experience dictate the reply—
" Lean not on earth, it is a broken reed,
" Nay, oft a spear, whereon our hope must bleed."
There is a hope, that never can deceive,
There is a promise we may dare believe;
That such as trust in " Him who cannot lie,"
Though born to suffer, and decreed to die,
May feel support beneath affliction's weight,
May look beyond this transitory state,
Where the too ardent in their frail pursuit,
Expect from blossoms, ample store of fruit;
Till disappointed, they lament to see,
A " Wither'd Bud" upon their favourite tree."

How many buds of hope, which it was fondly anticipated would one day blow into roses of happiness, have we seen wither and drop from the branches of society around us! and a few from the bower of our own enjoyments have immaturely perished—but how many yet remain, which the blessings of heaven shall nourish to perfection, and which we may gather in due time full of fragrance, and finished in beauty! But, my dear Anne, how

interesting is a *bud*—a Rose-bud! It seems like a secret folded up; a promise in reversion; a hope in progress; the plaything of the imagination, which hath yet something to reveal. "The Rose," says an elegant writer, "in full display of beauty, is not so captivating, as when *opening* her paradise of leaves, she speaks to the fancy, rather than the sight."

"I've seen indeed the hopeful *bud*
Of a ruddy Rose that stood
Blushing to behold the ray
Of the new saluted day;
His tender top not fully spread;
The sweet dash of a shower now shed,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himself the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when lo,
While he sweetly 'gan to show
His swelling glories, Auster spied him,
Cruel Auster thither hied him,
And with the rush of one rude blast,
Sham'd not spitefully to waste
All his leaves, so fresh, so sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet."

Crashaw.

The following verses are from the tuneful Waller: they exhibit one of those forced conceits so familiar with the poets of his age, and so opposite to truth and nature; the application of the thought in this instance, is pretty as well as ingenious.

THE BUD.

" Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming Rose,
This early Bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose;
I pluck'd it, though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

" Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon:
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower *my breath has done*.

" If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same inform's of love,
Of purest love, and music too,
When *Flavia* it aspires to move:
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades."

The notion that the bud might be made to open by breathing upon, seems to have been prevalent among the elder poets. Sir Richard Fanshawe alludes to it in the following lines; in what situation our poet's rose-bush stood to be obnoxious to the " careless plough," is not very easy to conceive.

" Thou blushing Rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes!

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon!
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.
If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know then, the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.
Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn;
And many Herods lie in wait each hour,
To murder thee as soon as thou art born,
Nay, force thy bud to blow, their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death."

I have yet another bud, and it is an interesting one.—Miss Caroline Symmons, who died June 1st, 1803, aged 14, is said to have written the following sonnet in her eleventh year! The lines seem almost prophetic of her fate. Children are generally lovely, and always interesting, because, while in the bud, they are subjects of hope, over which our imaginations delight to expatiate. "A child is a promise—a man disappointment," says an elegant writer with equal truth and beauty.

ON A BLIGHTED ROSE-BUD.

"Scarce had thy velvet lips imbibed the dew,
And nature hail'd thee infant queen of May;
Scarce saw the opening bloom the sun's broad ray,
And to the air its tender fragrance threw;

When the north-wind enamoured of thee grew,
And by his cold rude kiss thy charms decay;
Now drops thy head, now fades thy blushing hue,
No more the queen of flowers, no longer gay.
So blooms a maid, her guardian's health and joy;
Her mind arrayed in innocency's vest,
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,
Death clasps her vigour to his iron breast.
She fades: the parent, sister, friend deplore,
The charms and budding virtues are no more!"

I shall conclude this letter with a quotation from Shakspeare's Richard III., in which he alludes to the supposed murder of the two sons of Edward IV. in the Tower—the Rose-bud was never more exquisitely appropriated by any poet; Tyrrel speaks:

" The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
' O thus,' quoth Dighton, ' lay the gentle babes,'—
' Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, ' girdling one another
' Within their alabaster innocent arms;
' *Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,*
' *Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.*
' A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
' Which once,' quoth Forrest, ' almost chang'd my mind;

'But O, the devil'—There the villain stopp'd
When Dighton thus told on,—'we smothered
'The most replenished sweet work of nature,
'That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed.'"

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXI.

" —— Fresh-blown Roses wash'd in dew."
Milton.

My dear Anne,

You ask me whether Lord Byron has any allusions to the Rose in his multifarious writings. I am only able to reply generally that he *has*. I have the gratification to be the possessor of one of the fifty copies which composed the first edition of his juvenile poems, and which were printed in post quarto, for presents to his friends, to each of whom he addressed the copies in his own hand writing. Mine, in addition to a neat pen and ink drawing of his arms, is inscribed, " *Oct.* 21, 1806. *Hoc poemata ex dono sunt Georgii Gordon Byron. Vale!*" In the very first stanza of these pages—and probably the very first lines of his ever set up at the press—he laments the fallen condition

of this noble flower in the garden of his paternal estate of Newstead Abbey.

" Through the cracks in these battlements loud the winds whistle,
For the hall of my fathers is gone to decay;
And in yon once gay garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choak'd up the Rose, which late bloom'd in the way."

The following lines, from the same noble bard, refer to the Rose of Italy, which, he says, is

" Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the West,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets, by nature given
In softest incense, back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky,
Her fairest hue, and fragrant sigh."

In addition to which instances, you will accept and admire this beautiful simile:

" In vain the lyre would lightly breathe—
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like Roses o'er a sepulchre."

I shall, my dear Anne, devote this letter to a few extracts from the living poets of our own country, who have honoured the Rose. To the

few which I shall transcribe, the recollections of your own reading will, I doubt not, enable you to make a voluminous addition; for what poet does not allude to it in his works, and in what magazine does it not bloom periodically? The following elegant lines are from Campbell:

" As wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One *Rose of the Wilderness* left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been:
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild, in the silence of nature it drew
From each wandering sun-beam a lovely embrace;
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

" Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That survives in this desolate heart;
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart;
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion, by fancy combin'd
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desart behind."

Sir Walter Scott has this sweet simile in *Rokeby:*

" The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the Rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry."

Our beloved Montgomery, whose chaste and amiable character as a poet is only exceeded by the excellency of his character as a man and a Christian, has adopted the Rose, in a beautiful little poem, presented to a friend on the birth of his first child.

THE ROSES.

" Two Roses on one slender spray,
In sweet communion grew,
Together hail'd the morning ray,
And drank the ev'ning dew;
While sweetly wreath'd in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

" Through clouds and sunshine, storms and showers,
They open'd into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume;
While foster'd on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

" But soon their summer splendour pass'd,
They faded in the wind,
Yet were these Roses to the last
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,
Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

" When thus were all their honours shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blush'd and brighten'd, as the morn
From dawn to sunrise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

" My friends, in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin Roses spend your time,
Life's little less'ning span;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

" And in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a Rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
Fair and more fair as you decline;—

" Till, planted in that realm of rest,
Where Roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
That blossom'd at the sight of God."

Moore has given us the following exquisite verses on

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

" 'Tis the last Rose of Summer,
  Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
  Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
  No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
  Or give sigh for sigh.

" I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
  To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
  Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
  Lie scentless and dead.

" So soon may *I* follow,
  When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
  The gems drop away;
When true hearts lie wither'd,
  And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
  This bleak world alone?"

The following little fanciful article is from the Rev. George Croly's poem of "Sebastian;" it is entitled, "*Zephyr and the Rose-Nymph*," and is taken from an Italian ballet.

"'Tis eve, the soft, the purple hour,
The dew is glist'ning on the bower,
The lily droops its silver head,
The violet slumbers on its bed;
Heavy with sleep, the leaflets close,
Veiling the bloom, enchanting Rose,
Still gazing on the western ray,
The last sweet worshipper of day;
A cloud descends, a meteor plume
Shoots dazzling through the twilight gloom.
Oh! who, at this soul-soft'ning hour,
So wildly rushes through the bower,
Now winging fount, now grot, now grove?
'Tis Zephyr, led by viewless Love.
He darts, where in the deepest dell
A fount makes music in its shell;
Upon the woodbine branch above
Coos to its mate a snowy dove.
He stops; no more his azure gaze
On earth, on heaven, upbraiding strays;
Charm'd to the spot, his bright'ning eyes
See odours from the ground arise,
Waving to heaven, with curl and gleam,
Touch'd by the sun, a ruby stream
They spread, float, fade, on upper air—
A simple Rose-tree blushes there.
It bends, it breathes, new blossoms swell,
On that strange tree of miracle,

Till in its central op'ning shade,
He sees a form of beauty laid.
" But, oh! not on that young cheek glows
The blushing of its parent Rose;
Low on her breast her head is hung,
Her locks upon the wind are flung,
Her eye is clos'd, ambrosial sleep
Relentless seems her brow to steep.
Caught to his heart, she lives, she wakes,
On lip and cheek the deep blush breaks;
Still o'er the slight unquick'ning limb,
In marble folds the garments swim.
He smiles—in waving light the robe
Floats on her bosom's heaving globe;
No words are whisper'd there, no sigh—
What emblem like a lover's eye?
All told at once; in mystic dance
Their light feet o'er the verdure glance.
Now, wreathing close, her ringlets flow
On his blue wing and neck of snow;
Now, shot asunder, bright and far,
Swift as the arrows of a star,
They cull the Rose, or press the wine
From thy rich cluster, melting vine.
* * * * * *
A moment more, like sun-set's beam,
Flung loose along the rippling stream,
Still bright, they all dissolv'd the rays,
In parted groups the dance decays;
The music dies, as twilight's wave
Subsiding in its marble cave.
The dance has paus'd: on grot and hill
All is delicious, all is still.

And now the rite is done, that Love
Shall seal with Hymen's kiss above.
The blushing bride, the Rose-nymph springs,
Beside her lord, on sudden wings;
The troop ascends; slow wheeling o'er
The spot their pinions found before;
Then up the azure ocean bear
The nymph in triumph to their sphere."

ON A ROSE.

From Barry Cornwall.

" Oh! thou dull flower, here silently dying:
And wilt thou never, then,—never resume
Thy colour or perfume?
Alas! and but last night I saw thee lying
Upon the whitest bosom in the world,
And now thy crimson leaves are parch'd and curl'd.

" Is it that Love hath with his fiery breath
Blown on thee, until thou wast fain to perish,
(Love who so strives to cherish,)
And is the bound so slight 'tween life and death—
A step but from the temple to the tomb?
Oh! where hath fled thy beauty, where thy bloom?

" For me, last night I envied thee thy place,
So near a heart which I may never gain,
And now—perhaps in pain,
Thou'rt losing all thy fragrance—all thy grace,
And yet it was enough for thee to lie
On her breast for a moment, and then—die."

The following verses, extracted from a periodical paper, will please you; I do not know the writer, whose pardon I have to crave, for omitting some stanzas in the following transcript:

STANZAS,

Occasioned by looking at a favourite Withered Rose, during the sickness of a Friend.

" Some seasons have fled, and still they are flying,
Since first thou wert pluck'd from the tree,
And now the fair form in affliction is lying,
That gave thee in beauty to me.

" Fresh as the morn, and thyself, she was blooming,
And often entitled " *The Rose*,"
But now my sad heart would forebode her entombing,
So near seems her life to its close.

" Dead as thou art, sweet flower of my keeping,
An odour around thee is spread,
And so with " *The Rose*," for whom I am weeping,
Whose memory a fragrance shall shed.

" But far be the day,—though meek be it spoken,
Religion forbids to condemn,—
Far, when from me that dear friend shall be broken,
Or snapp'd like the Rose from its stem."

I remain,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXII.

" So mix'd the Rose and Lily's white,
That Nature seem'd uncertain quite,
To deck her cheeks what flowers she chose,
The Lily or the blushing Rose."

My dear Anne,

I have in a former letter taken notice of the " wars of the Roses ;" but not only have these flowers been unnaturally divided against themselves in civil conflict, but they have also been, in an emblematical sense, at war with other flowers; and to a fanciful mind, the Rose, the patronymic symbol of Britain, might, with as much propriety, be consecrated to *Mars* as to *Venus*. You are aware, my dear friend, that insular proximity did not prevent it from engaging in hostilities with the Shamrock ; but those contests have long ago terminated in its favour, and now in royal blazonry the emerald flower entwines it as an inseparable companion. The martial Thistle longer persisted, and endured severer contests with the Rose ; but this hardy veteran of

the hills was at length allied to the queen of the garden, communicating strength and deriving beauty from the UNION, which Rowe has thus celebrated:

"While rich in brightest red the blushing Rose
Her freshest opening beauties did disclose,
Her the rough Thistle from a neighb'ring field
With fond desires and lover's eyes beheld:
Strait the fierce plant lays by his pointed darts,
And woos the gentle flower with softer arts;
Kindly she heard, and did his flame approve,
And own'd the warrior worthy of her love.
Flora, whose happy laws the seasons guide,
Who does in fields and painted meads preside,
And crowns the gardens with their flowery pride,
With pleasure saw the wishing pair combine,
To favour what their goddess did design,
And bid them in eternal Union join.
'Henceforth,' she said, 'in each returning year,
'One stem the Thistle and the Rose shall bear;
'The Thistle's lasting grace, thou, O my Rose, shalt be,
'The warlike Thistle's arms a sure defence to thee.'"

Virgil and Anacreon, as you will recollect from a former letter, both allude to the union of the Lily and the Rose; that this union lasted for a considerable time, history doth sufficiently prove; but civil separation produces national animosity; and the imperial *Fleur-de-lis* of France, has often exalted itself against the royal Rose of England—with what success you know. Cunningham, in one of his Odes, says,

" The vengeful lance Britannia wields
In concert with her brave ally,
Saves her *fair Roses* in the fields,
Where Gaul's *detested lilies* die.
Wreaths of eternal friendship spring
'Twixt mighty George and Prussia's king."

Alas, for the eternity of royal friendships! There is at present, however, an happy pacification between the rival flowers; may it ever continue, as it might if they would listen to the dictates of justice, as much as their representatives are said to have done to Flora, in the following contest between

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

" The nymph must lose her female friend,
If more admir'd than she—
But where will fierce contention end,
If flowers can disagree?

" Within the garden's peaceful scene
Appear'd two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen,
The Lily and the Rose.

" The Rose soon redden'd into rage,
And swelling with disdain,
Appeal'd to many a poet's page,
To prove her right to reign.

" The Lily's height bespoke command,
A fair imperial flower;
She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

" This civil bickering and debate
The goddess chanc'd to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre;

" Yours is, she said, the nobler hue,
And yours the statelier mien;
And, till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deem'd a queen.

" Thus, sooth'd and reconcil'd, each seeks
The fairest British fair:
The seat of empire is her cheeks,
They reign united there." *Cowper.*

One Rose yet remains to be mentioned, and with this I shall conclude; I allude to her,

" The Royal flower now laid in dust."
Campbell.

To name the late Princess Charlotte, is to conjure up a train of feelings, associations, and recollections without parallel in the annals of national bereavements. On this occasion, all the Muses wept for the deceased, and strewed her hearse with flowers; at present I can only recollect the following, with which we were much pleased at the time:

THE COBOURG ROSE.

" Of fragrant scent, and charming hue,
In Britain's royal garden grew
A lovely Rose;
And as he pass'd th' enchanting place,
Cobourg, the blushing flower to grace,
His bosom chose.

" Still blooming in the royal bound
The plant remain'd, but fenc'd around
New buds to bear;
Phœbus with genial glory smil'd,
And zephyrs only, sweet and mild,
Wav'd through the air.

" The Rose *did* bud; yet ere the day
Which should its beauteous hue display,
By Heaven's command,
Death pass'd that way in rueful hour,
And sudden snatch'd both bud and flower
With icy hand.

" For blooming youth, and mental worth,
We drop the pitying tear on earth,
But look above
With eye of hope; for well we know,
Death oft removes his flowers to blow
In realms of love.

" Yes; there's a better world on high,
A garden planted in the sky,
For ever fair;
Still CHARLOTTE and her Son may reign
Through grace divine, nor death nor pain
Can enter there."

Her Royal Highness herself was an admirer of our flower; and you know how much we used to commend her good taste and national feeling, in selecting, as the general adorning of her head, a magnificent bandeau of Roses. You may perhaps recollect too, that we were much pleased with an elegant engraving of the Cobourg Rose, representing a miniature portrait of the beloved princess placed amidst the petals of the flower. I cannot transfer *that* Rose and its portrait to my letter; but I will give you the following sketch from the pen of Montgomery; it is indeed " Prose by a Poet," and appears as rich and warm in colouring to the imagination, as if it were pourtrayed by the pencil to the eye. " The Princess, it will be remembered, was born in the highest place of polished society; she had arrived at the gayest period of human life; she was heiress to the most illustrious throne of Europe; beautiful and affectionate, accomplished and intelligent, esteemed, admired, courted, and revered by her family, her associates, her dependants, and her future subjects; above all, loving and beloved (a bliss so rare in palaces), the spouse

of the man whom she had chosen for herself, and about to become the mother of a line of princes, who might reign for ages over the greatest, freest, happiest people in the world. This, and more—yea, all that youth and health and love and rank and power could make her—she was, but a week ago, in the sight of those who looked upon her from below. What is she now? In the brief phrase of the Poet of Laura, she is *nudo spirto e poca polve*, 'pure spirit and a little dust.'" This beautiful paragraph is so pregnant with matter for reflection to persons of your age and sex, that I am persuaded it will be acceptable, whether it finds you at the drawing-room fire-side, or in your rose-covered bower in the garden.

You are now, my dear Anne, in the possession of nearly all that I recollect on the subject of the Rose; this is, therefore, the last letter of the series which I commenced for your amusement, and from the perusal of which I am glad to know, that at least you have not experienced disappointment. This, I am aware, has not been owing either to their merit or their correctness, but to your candour; and a very different judgment might be formed upon the whole, had they been exhibited to a less indulgent critic. Together, however, they form an interesting collection of notices of our favourite flower, and perhaps you will be surprised to find such a number of eminent names connected with so many beautiful contributions to *The Rose's Album*.

And now, my gentle Friend, adieu!
May Roses ever bloom for you;
For you, in youth and age and prime,
Still garlanding the brow of time.
Long may your op'ning charms disclose
The richest hues of beauty's Rose;
In love, may every sacred bower
Be fragrant with the Paphian flower.
When Hymen binds your willing hands,
May Rose-wreaths be your nuptial bands,
And in your dear domestic round,
Long bud, and blossom, and abound.
When in the fields you walk abroad,
May fragrant Roses hedge the road,
And more luxuriantly invest
The garden alcove where you rest;
And when you sit within your room,
May Rose-trees in the window bloom.
Thus through your changeful scenes of life,
As daughter, mother, friend, or wife,
May happiness with Rose-wreaths wait,
Crowning each blest belov'd estate!
Then, when our fav'rite flower you see,
Will you still sometimes think on me;
On me, who pluck'd, to wreathe your hair,
The summer Roses, sweet and fair?
Accept the chaplet twin'd for you;
And now, my dearest Friend, adieu!

I remain,

Yours, &c.

FINIS.

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